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Play

PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE,

With Songs and Choruses,

SUITABLE FOR

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY

J. BARMBY, B.D.,

LATE FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE MUSIC

ADAPTED, ARRANGED AND PARTLY COMPOSED BY

T. ROGERS, M.A.,

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD,
PRECENTOR OF DURHAM.



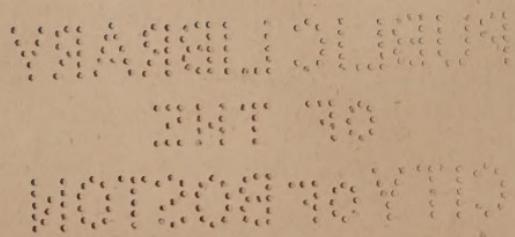
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L.S.
277.493
Apr. 28. 1880



P R E F A C E.

THESE little Plays were written, with no view to publication, for the entertainment of the writer's own children and their friends at Christmas. Their success in a limited sphere of publicity has suggested the thought that they may possibly, in some degree, meet a general need.

Juvenile Theatricals are now in vogue ; but one often hears the question asked, "Where can we get plays for the purpose, neither stupidly moral, nor in other respects unsuitable for youngsters?"

At any rate, these have not the peculiar dulness incident to a distinct moral purpose in each, though it is hoped that they are such as even Mrs. Grundy will not object to.

They are now published in the order in which they were written and acted, and thus show signs of the advancing age of the actors originally concerned.

All, except the fourth and the last, are representations of well-known fairy tales, of which all of us have at some time felt the charm. With respect to the fourth, founded on the Poet Laureate's "Princess," the writer desires to make all due apolo-

gies for having turned to comparatively vile use the ideas of so charming a poem, and here and there, though seldom, introduced its language.

The musical editor desires also to express becoming penitence, if he has occasionally made disrespectful use of the works of great composers.

The editors have to thank the Rev. John Swire, Minor Canon of Windsor, for the music of two songs in "The Princess," marked with his initials, which he has kindly permitted them to publish.

With regard to the music generally, it is to be observed that a great part of it is not essential for the performance of the plays, and may be omitted by actors who are not musical.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Dramatis Personæ.

A MERCHANT.

MERCHANT'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

MERCHANT'S SECOND DAUGHTER.

BEAUTY, *Merchant's Third Daughter.*

CHIMPANZO, *a Prince transformed into a beast.*

THE FAIRY AUNT OF CHIMPANZO.

GOBLIN PAGE.

LITTLE FAIRY.

Overture "Zampa" Hérold.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Merchant's House.

The three daughters discovered, BEAUTY at work.

(Enter Merchant, reading a letter.)

MERCIENT. Daughters, attend ! I've got good news to tell.

How poorly we have lived you know full well,
Since all my ships were lost—at least, I thought so ;
But now this letter tells me it was not so :
One worth its weight in gold has just come in,
And I must go at once to bag the tin :

'Tis in a distant port, and I must range
 Deserts and hills in countries wild and strange ;
 But if I come back safe—

(*The two elder daughters burst into tears.*)

Don't cry—'tis folly—

I'll bring you each a present.

TWO ELDER DAUGHTERS. Oh ! how jolly !

MERCHANT. And, since you've all been rather good to-day,

I'll bring you each whate'er you choose to say.

Speak first, my eldest child, what had you rather
 Have as a present from your loving father ?

1st DAUGHTER. O, dear papa, I want such lots of things—

Gloves, bracelets, earrings, handkerchiefs, and rings—

What *shall* I choose ?—I have a perfect passion

To be distinguished among folks of fashion ;—

A dress of gold brocade, with velvet lined,

And bustled out tremendously behind.

MERCHANT. Well, well—I know 'tis vain with you to tussle ;

You won't be quiet till you're in a *bustle*.

And now, my second child, your wish declare.

2nd DAUGHTER. Delightful parent, what a brick you are !

One thing I want—I've set my heart upon it—

A very striking crimson satin bonnet :

All round the edge let golden sunflowers glare,

And ostrich plumes wave grandly in the air.

MERCHANT. Well, you shall have the finest gold can buy ;

Though really, child, I think you'll look a guy.

Now, Beauty, speak. Why look you so demure ?

1st DAUGHTER. She'll ask for something silly, I am sure.

MERCHANT. Let the girl speak. You hear what I propose.

BEAUTY. Papa, I ask but for a simple rose—

A rose fresh gathered in some distant land,

And doubly sweet if from my father's hand.

1st DAUGHTER. Well, if I ever !

2nd DAUGHTER. No, I never !

1st DAUGHTER. Stuff !

I always said that Beauty was a muff.

2nd DAUGHTER. A perfect idiot !

MERCHANT.

Silence girls !—Dear pet,

Good-bye ! Your modest wish I won't forget.

Ta-ta ! I'm off !—Stay, where's my Inverness ?

(Exit Merchant.)

2nd DAUGHTER (*calling after him:*) Pa, don't forget my bonnet.

1st DAUGHTER.

And my dress.

Oh ! what an agitation I am in !

It's such a nuisance to be short of tin ;

But now, if only pa brings back this gold—

2nd DAUGHTER. I've not a single dress but what is old.

1st DAUGHTER. I'm hardly able to go out at all,

For all the parish knows my faded shawl.

2nd DAUGHTER. Our dresses !—Beauty's had to turn and turn
'em,

And stitch and darn them—

1st DAUGHTER. Soon, I hope, we'll burn 'em.

2nd DAUGHTER. But now such bonnets as we'll have—such loves !

1st DAUGHTER. And every day a pair of new French gloves !

Our jewels shall set everybody talking.

Beauty, are all my things laid out for walking ?

BEAUTY. Yes, all arranged in order on your bed.

2nd DAUGHTER. And have you trimmed my tarlatan with *rasp* ?

1st DAUGHTER. And cleaned my boots, and turned my purple
bonnet,

And re-arranged the flowers and lace upon it,

Physicked my lap-dog, put my drawers in order,

Sewn on my handkerchief a new lace border,

Scented my note-paper for *billet doux*,

And put blue roses in my satin shoes ?

2nd DAUGHTER. And been to Madame Mantalini's shop

For my new wreath for Mrs. Thompson's hop,

And mended all our gloves, for which we chid you ?

1st DAUGHTER. In fact, have you done everything we bid you ?

BEAUTY. O, sisters, really you distract me so !

I can't be everywhere at once, you know.

1st DAUGHTER. You can't !—you little idle useless minx !

I'll have a French maid when we get the chinks.
 We're going now to see the troops parade ;
 When we return, see you that tea is made.

(Exeunt.)

(Beauty sings.)

Oh, can they be sisters ?
 They're far more like blisters,
 Upon my skin daily to irritate me ;
 O why is my father
 So weak that he'd rather
 Enjoy his tobacco than stick up for me ?

I know I'm his favourite,
 Because I behave aright,
 And but for those two vipers all would be well ;
 But oh ! how they flurry me !
 Scold me, and hurry me,
 And father himself has not pluck to rebel.

And now he's departed,
 And I, broken-hearted,
 Must slave like a Turk, with a buzz in my head.
 Poor me, how they'll push about,
 Making me rush about !
 Bother !—I wish I were married or dead !

Song.

“O, CAN THEY BE SISTERS?”

Allegro. $\text{J}=168.$

T. R.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano, showing a treble clef, a key signature of four sharps, and a common time signature. It features a steady eighth-note pattern. The middle staff is for the bassoon, also in common time, with a bass clef and a key signature of four sharps. The bottom staff is for the voice, indicated by a soprano clef, and includes lyrics in parentheses. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by an eighth note, then continues with quarter notes. A dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) is placed above the bassoon staff. The vocal part ends with a long sustained note on the letter 'o'.

Oh, can they be sis-ters? They're far more like blis-ters, Up-

mf

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

5

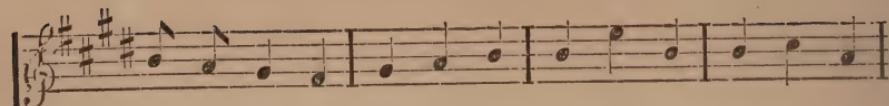


on my skin dai - ly to ir - ri - tate me ; And why is my

fa - ther So weak that he'd ra - ther En - joy his to-bac - co than

stick up for me ? I know I'm his fa-vour-ite, Be-cause I be-

PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

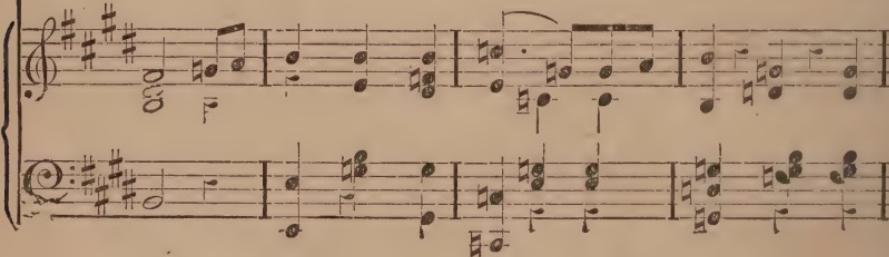


have a-right, And but for those two vi-pers all would be

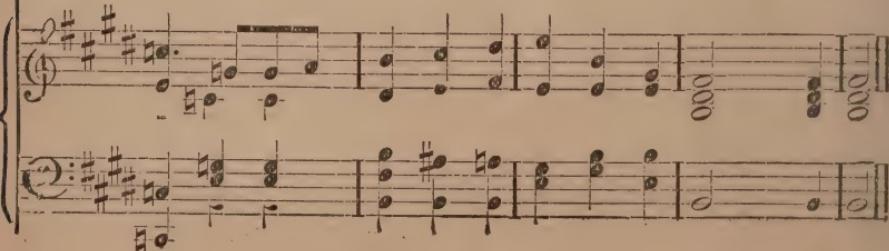
risoluto.



well; But oh, how they flur - ry me, Scold me, and



hur - ry me, And fa - ther him-self has not pluck to rebel.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

7

Slower

And now he's de - part - ed, And I, broken - hearted, Must

Crescendo. *rall.* *ad lib.* *Tempo f.*

slave like a Turk with a buzz in my head. Poor

Crescendo. *sfz. rall. colla voce.* *Tempo f.*

me ! how they'll push a-bout, Making me rush about—

A musical score for a vocal piece. The music is in common time, with a key signature of four sharps. The vocal line consists of two staves: soprano (treble clef) and bass (C-clef). The soprano staff has dynamic markings 'sfz.' at the beginning and end of the first section, and 'ad lib.' above the second section. The bass staff has a dynamic marking 'f.' above the third section. The lyrics are: 'Bother! I wish—' repeated twice, followed by 'Oh, how I wish I were mar-ried or dead.' The vocal parts are supported by a piano accompaniment, indicated by a brace below the staves.

SCENE II.

The Garden of the Beast's Palace.

(Enter Fairy Aunt, carrying a wand.)

FAIRY AUNT. Children of earth, behold in me
 A fairy of a high degree ;
 Aunt to the mighty Prince Chimpanzo—
 At least, they used to call the man so,
 Before I metamorphosed him
 Into a beast, deformed and grim ;
 To change him so, one day it pleased me ;
 No matter why—because he teased me.
 This is the garden, fairy-haunted,
 In which my nephew lives enchanted ;

And thus, and thus, I trip around it,
 To fix the spells with which I've bound it.
 I have a scheme in hand to-day ;
 A mortal wight I've lured this way—
 A merchant, who—But ha ! he's there !
 I must vanish into air.

(She disappears. Enter Merchant.)

MERCHANT. Where *can* I have got to ? I'm perfectly puzzled :
 It must be enchantment—my brain is all fuzzled.
 Let me think what has happened. 'Twas but yesterday,
 In crossing a forest I quite lost my way ;
 So I threw the reins down on the neck of my horse,
 And told the old beast he might take his own course :
 So he pricked up his ears, and he mended his paces,
 Till he came to a palace—the grandest of places.
 I knocked at the door, and wide open it flew :
 I entered ; I called : not a soul was in view ;
 But on a gold table (and here was no cheating)
 A capital dinner lay ready for eating.
 So I ate and I drank, like a jolly old Don,
 By beings invisible waited upon.
 And now I'm come out these fine gardens to view :
 How lovely !—I'm dreaming !—It cannot be true !
 What fruit-trees ! what flowers ! what meandering
 water !
 Let me think—ah ! that promise I made to my
 daughter.
 'Twill be my first pleasure, as well as my duty,
 To find a nice rose as a present for Beauty ;
 But 'mid all the fine things that these gardens enclose
 I find every flower upon earth but a rose.
 There must be one somewhere—ah ! there, after all,
 There's a sweet little bud on a bush by the wall.
 I'll pluck it—I dare not—I will—no, I won't—
(Beast rises suddenly from under the bush.)
 BEAST. Thief ! villain ! you're stealing ; I'll kill you.
 MERCHANT. No, don't !

(Song.)

BEAST. Him as prigs what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched, will go to prison.

MERCHANT. O, my lord, in pity spare !
Killing me would be a shame.

BEAST. Sir, my-lord me, if you dare !
Call me Beast, for that's my name.

MERCHANT. Beast, good beast, then, if you like, sir ;
Any name's the same to me.

BEAST. Silence ! I'm about to strike, sir.

MERCHANT. Sure, you won't, sir.

BEAST. You shall see !

(Beast roars horribly ; seizes the Merchant, as if about to kill him ; then casts him off, and after walking about the garden, returns to him.)

(Recitative.)

BEAST. Well, on only one condition
I will grant you your petition.
If you would escape from slaughter,
You must send me your third daughter.

MERCHANT. What ! my daughter Beauty ?

BEAST. Yes, sir !

MERCHANT. O you cause me great distress, sir.

Song and Recit.

“HIM AS PRIGS WHAT ISN'T HIS'N.”

T. R.

*J=100**Beast.*

Him as prigs what isn't his'n, When he's cotched will go to pris'n.
Sva.....

.Sva.....

Merchant (beseechingly).

Musical score for the Merchant's aria. The vocal line starts with eighth-note pairs, followed by a sixteenth-note run, and then eighth-note pairs again. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained bass notes and eighth-note chords.

O, my Lord in pi - ty spare, Kill-ing me would be a shame

Beast.

Musical score for the Beast's response. The vocal line begins with eighth-note pairs, followed by sustained notes, and then eighth-note pairs again. The piano accompaniment features sustained bass notes and eighth-note chords. The vocal part includes dynamic markings "sfz." and "8va.....".

Sir! 'my lord' me if you dare; Call me 'Beast,' for
8va.....

sfz.

8va.....

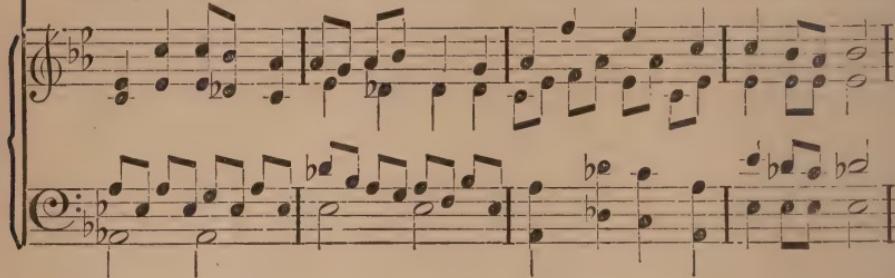
that's my name.

Musical score for the Beast's final line. The vocal line consists of eighth-note pairs. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The vocal part includes dynamic markings "f" and "rall."

Merchant (insinuatingly).



Beast, good beast, then, if you like, sir, Any name's the same to me !



Beast.

ff

Merchant.

pp

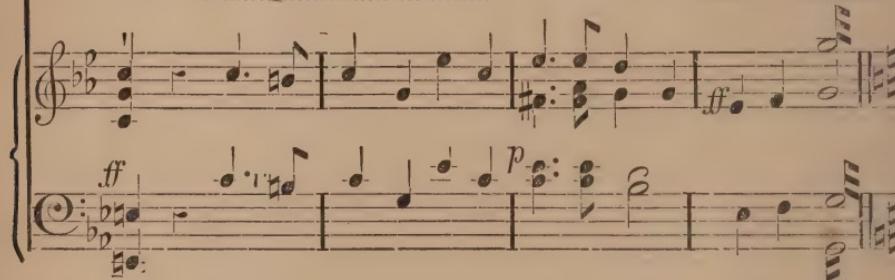
Beast.

ff

Silence ! I'm a - bout to strike, sir! Sure you won't, sir! You shall see !

8va.....

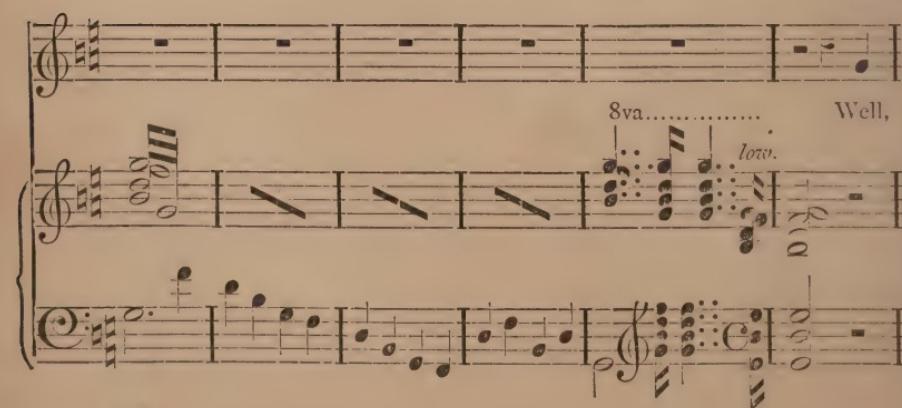
8va.....*tremolo.*



8va.....

8va.....

Beast.



8va.....

8va.....

Well,

low.

ad lib.

on on - ly one con - di - tion, I shall grant you your pe - ti - tion,

If you would es - cape from slaughter, You must bring me your third

*Merchant.**Beast.**ad lib.*

daughter. What !! my daughter Beauty ! Yes, sir !

Merchant.

dolente.

ad lib.

Oh! you cause me great dis - tress, sir!

p

pp

colla voce.

BEAST. Now, Merchant, I give you three months and a day,
 So pack up your traps—take the rose—get away.
 If Beauty comes here in the specified time,
 On the word of a Beast, I have pardoned your crime.
 If not, your life's forfeit, though now you're released:
 I'm not to be trifled with, though I'm a Beast.

(*Exit Merchant.*)

BEAST (*dancing and singing:*)

Hey diddle, hey diddle, hey diddle-dee !
 Beauty's the maid to be married to me !

(*Beast sings.*)

T. R.

Hey diddle, hey diddle, hey diddle - dee !

Beau-ty's the maid to be mar - ried to me !

Hey diddle, hey diddle, hey diddle - dee ! Beauty's the maid,

Beauty's the maid, Beauty's the maid to be married to me !

SCENE III.

A Room in the Merchant's House.

Merchant discovered sitting at a table with his head on his hand; Beauty working on a stool beside him. 1st Daughter lounges in an armchair; 2nd Daughter surveys herself affectedly in a mirror.

BEAUTY. Dear father, why so sad?—That clouded brow
Speaks of a mind diseased.

MERCHANT. Naught ails me, daughter

BEAUTY. What means that frequent sigh—that eye still fixed
On vacancy—this fitful feverish pulse—
That voice, so cheerful once, now never raised
To call your playful Beauty by her name?

1st DAUGHTER (*to 2nd Daughter*).

Goose! do have done with those absurd grimaces;
What pleasure can there be in making faces?

2nd DAUGHTER. Faces!—You'd give your ears to look like me.

1st DAUGHTER. Would I?—Shut up!—I'm dying of ennui:
With pa there, too, in such a moping fit;
He's changed so I can't manage him a bit:
No balls—no parties—life a perfect blank!

2nd DAUGHTER. It's all that *Beauty* we have got to thank.
What *can* possess him to indulge her so?

1st DAUGHTER. It's quite intolerable. *I'll tease her, though.*
Why, *Beauty*, what a dowdy you are drest!

BEAUTY. My father likes this simple costume best.

But tell me, father, tell me why so sad;
Or I will sigh away my heart, and die,
Slain by your sorrow, which I may not share.

MERCHANT. *Beauty*, you have prevailed: I cannot hide
Longer the secret grief that gnaws my heart.
Now, daughters, listen.—When I brought that rose
For you, my *Beauty*, little did you guess
The price it cost: 'twas given me by a *BEAST*,

A huge and shaggy monster, who resides
In halls enchanted ; and who made me promise
To send *you* to him ere three months were past.

BEAUTY. What if I go not ?

MERCHANT. Then must *I* return,
And pay my life, the forfeit of my vow.

BEAUTY. Father, I'll go.

MERCHANT. You sha'n't !

BEAUTY. Yes, yes !

MERCHANT. No, no !

2nd DAUGHTER. Papa dear, we can spare her ; let her go.

1st DAUGHTER. She's not presentable to folks of fashion,
In fact, she daily puts me in a passion.

2nd DAUGHTER. Look at her ! Not a jewel has she got on.

1st DAUGHTER. And fancy wearing a mere printed cotton !
Do let her go : keep her no more about you.

But you, dear pa, how could we do without you ?
You've promised me—I stake my life upon it—
A diamond brooch.

2nd DAUGHTER. And me a new lace bonnet.

BEAUTY. Father, I'll go.

MERCHANT. Then be it as you say.

Take my old horse, and let him have his way :
He knows the road ; he's safer than a coach.

2nd DAUGHTER. Then I shall get my bonnet.

1st DAUGHTER. I my brooch.

(*Merchant embraces Beauty. Exit.*)

1st DAUGHTER. Quick, Beauty ; do make haste. Stay, here's
your hat :

Look decent, if you can. I'm glad—that's flat—
She's going, the dowdy. Now pack, Beauty, pack !

(*Pushes her out, and calls after her :*)

Give my love to the Beast, and good luck on your track ;
And I don't care a straw if she never comes back.

2nd DAUGHTER. Nor I, the little nincompoopy gaby !

Why, papa pets her like a perfect baby ;
The way she's coaxed him lately is quite shocking—
She !—fit for nothing but to darn a stocking !

1st DAUGHTER. Well, we've got rid of her at last ; that's lucky :
 We shan't be hampered now with pa's *dear ducky*.
 Henceforth we'll do just what we like with father ;
 We'll make him fork out handsome, won't we rather ?

2nd DAUGHTER. We'll have a party every other day.

1st DAUGHTER. A new coach shall replace the one-horse shay.

2nd DAUGHTER. How I will dance with that dear Captain Spangle !

1st DAUGHTER. Captain, indeed !—I'll dance with Lord Fandangle.

2nd DAUGHTER. Oh yes ! we know you think to be My Lady ;
 But, *dear*,—isn't your chance a *leetle shady* ?
 Would your *style* do in such a grand connection ?
 And, *love*—you know you're losing your complexion ;
 Though p'raps a little extra rouge *might* do it.

1st DAUGHTER. Junior, shut up ! or I declare you'll rue it.

I scorn your low wit—Mrs. Captain Spangle !

2nd DAUGHTER. I wish you luck, Lady—would-be—Fandangle !
 (Slowly.)

(She curtseys deeply. Scene closes.)

SCENE IV.

A Saloon in the Beast's Palace (or his garden), with a table spread. Beast and Beauty, richly dressed, discovered at dessert. Behind Beast the Goblin Page; behind Beauty the little Fairy.

BEAUTY. These delicate attentions, Mr. Beast,
 Quite overpower me : 'tis a royal feast.

BEAST. 'Tis you confer the favour, gentle Beauty.
 Do try this '20 port : though old, 'tis fruity.

BEAUTY. Delicious, sir ! (*aside*) He's charmingly polite ;
 I almost like him, though he's such a fright.

BEAST. Boy, hand the lady grapes.—Or try this pine.

BEAUTY. Your garden produce is supremely fine.

BEAST. The fruit feels proud to touch your lips ; I know it.

BEAUTY (*Aside*) Upon my word, the Beast is quite a poet

BEAST. Ho! Goblin Page, more claret from the cellar;
Bin number six. (*Gives a huge key to the page.*)
He's such a useful fellow.

BEAUTY. He seems a treasure.

BEAST. Just the boy I want ;
A birthday present from my fairy aunt.

(Page, as he goes, steals fruit from the table, and grimaces behind Beast's back.)

PAGE *(Aside to little Fairy)* Wouldn't old Beast be waxy, if he knew it!

LITTLE F. Oh, what a naughty boy you were to do it !

(Exit Page, and returns with wine, which he places on the table. A pause. Beast fidgets and groans. Beauty weeps.)

BEAST. Permit me, Beauty, just to pop once more
The question I have popped three times before,
Though every time you have refused me flat.

BEAUTY. O, Beastie, Beastie, anything but that !

BEAST. The subject pains you: I will not renew it.

BEAUTY. Oh, Beast, good Beast! I really could not do it!

BEAST. I'll say no more.—Nay, do not look so sad:

Let's have some music. Tip us a stave, my lad.

(Goblin Page sings a song, and dances with Little Fairy, ad lib.)

(Music ; one verse of "Come Lasses and Lads" from "The Songs of England."—Edited by J. L. HATTON. BOOSEY.)

BEAST. Ha ! Music does her good : it chases care.

We'll have some more.—Sing, minstrels of the air !

(*Fairy Music.*)

(*Chorus of Fairies.*)

Fairest of mortals, list to our lay ;
Chase from thy bosom sadness away ;
Fortune her brightest smile weareth to-day.
 Queen of this fairy land fear not to be,
 Scorn not the loving heart waiting for thee.

BEAUTY. Those dulcet strains

Allay my pains;

But ah ! it may not be.

CHORUS. Fairest of mortals, &c.

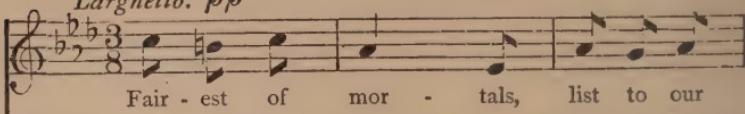
Chorus of Fairies.

Adapted from Spohr's "Azor and Zemira."

T. R.

Larghetto. pp

SOPRANO.



CONTRALTO.



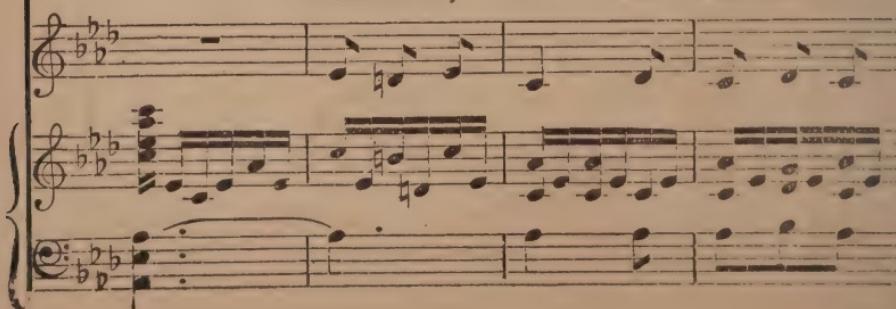
ACCOMP.



lay,

*mf*

Chase from thy bo - som sad - ness a -



way;

mf

For-tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -

day,

f

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top two staves are for the voice, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef respectively. The bottom four staves are for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef. The music is in common time and includes various dynamics such as 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'f' (fortissimo). The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, with 'way;' appearing in the first staff, 'For-tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -' in the second staff, and 'day,' in the fifth staff. The piano parts provide harmonic support, with the bass line providing the primary harmonic foundation.

f

dim.

For - tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -

- - day.

mf

Queen of this fai - ry-land fear not to

p

be; Scorn not the

lov - ing heart, wait - ing for

Beauty.

thee; Those dul-cet strains al-lay my

p

PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

pains,
But ah! it may not

mf Chorus of Fairies.

be!
Fair - est of mor - tals,

list to our lay,

list to our lay,

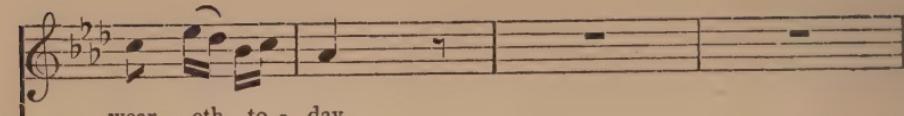
Chase from thy bo - som

sad - ness a - way;

dim.

For - tune her bright - est smile

f#p



dim.

(*During the music, Beast beats time with his paw.
At its close, Beauty bursts into tears.*)

BEAST. Hallo! still sorrowful!—Why, what's the matter?

BEAUTY. Beast, I will tell you. Truly, I don't flatter,

When I declare you have done all you can

To please me : you're a perfect gentleman.

But, looking in your magic glass to-day,

I saw my father languishing away :

He seemed at point of death. Oh! Beastie, oh!

I *must* go visit him—*do* let me go!

BEAST. Ha! but you won't return—and I shall die.

BEAUTY. I *will* return : the promise of a lady

Is sacred.

BEAST. Well, then, take this rose : it grew
On an enchanted tree. When red and fresh,
'Twill prove that I am well ; but if it fade
And wither, know that Death's cold hand is on me.
But place it in your bosom ; breathe the wish
To be at home, or here, or anywhere ;
The deed will overtake the wish you breathe.

BEAUTY. Thanks, Beast : I will return.

BEAST.

How soon?

BEAUTY.

A month

Shall bring me to your side.

BEAST. So let it be.

(*Exit Beauty, Beast handing her out with great politeness.*)

O dear! I'm horribly in love!

Beauty, you little *darling* dove!

A month, a long, long month, must pass,

Before I see the dainty lass.

How shall I kill the time at all?

I'll roll along the ground and bawl.

(*Rolls and howls.*)

(*Rising*) No, this won't do. I am a Beast in feature ;
But still I'll be a reasonable creature.

I'll sing a song—some fellow says that music

Is food of love—unless to sing I'm too sick.

(*Song.*)

Words by G. WITHER.

Music to "Woman," by H. PHILLIPS, C. HUTCHINGS and ROMER.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may gain the name of "best,"
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

No, it won't do.—Wed Beauty ?—Fiddledidee !
She'll never care for such a Beast as me !
It's all your fault, you nasty horrid aunt !
How could you bear poor me so to enchant ?
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

(*Enter Fairy Aunt.*)

FAIRY A. Nephew, what now ? Are all these howls from you ?
Why are you making such a hullybaloo ?

BEAST. Because I'm spoony ; and I'm desperate quite,
You've gone and made me such a beastly fright.

(*Roars.*)

FAIRY A. Such a coil I never heard, sir :
Your behaviour's quite absurd, sir.

SCENE V.

A Room in the Merchant's House.

The three daughters seated; Beauty at work.

1st DAUGHTER. O, Beauty, I can't credit what you say:

What! a new pair for dinner every day?

BEAUTY. Yes, best French kid—cost five bob, every pair ;

And a fresh wreath of jewels for my hair,

With bracelets, rings, and necklaces to suit.

2nd DAUGHTER. And every day the same delicious fruit?

BEAUTY. Yes—pears, grapes, nectarines, peaches, pines—'tis true.

1st DAUGHTER. And had you maids to wait upon you, too?

BEAUTY. One little sprite ; but lots of unseen fays

Dress'd me from head to foot, and laced my stays;

Fanned me when hot, and brought me shawls when cold;

With more delightful things than can be told.

2nd DAUGHTER. And naught to do all day but dress and eat!

Good gracious, girl, it must have been a treat!

But what a fool you were to leave, you monkey !

1st DAUGHTER. Just like her—she was always such a donkey.

Beauty, I hate you! Can't I go there too?

Oh what an ass that Beast was to choose you!

2nd DAUGHTER. I'm bored to death: I'll go and take the air.

Come with me, little beast, and do my hair.

1st DAUGHTER. She shan't : she's *my* slave ; in this house I'm chief.

Quick ! pick me up my pocket-handkerchief.

Fasten my bracelet—what a snail you are !

You hurt my wrist on purpose, I declare.

(*She shakes Beauty, who cries.*)

Cry, baby, cry !— But (*coaxingly*) dearest, did you say
That, if you placed that rose a certain way,
And wished, you would be there as quick as winking ?

BEAUTY. I did.

1st DAUGHTER. How curious ! Darling, I've been thinking,
How pretty it would look among your hair :
Just see how nicely I'll arrange it there.

(*Tries to take the rose.*)

BEAUTY. No, sister, no ! I must not part with it.

1st DAUGHTER. Why, I don't want it, you suspicious chit :
Come, come.

BEAUTY. For worlds this rose I won't resign.

1st DAUGHTER. Just let me smell it then—hurrah ! it's mine !
(*Snatches it, and runs out.*)

2nd DAUGHTER. Oh yes, that's very fine ; the selfish elf !
But she shan't keep it wholly to herself !

(*Runs out after her.*)

BEAUTY. Oh dear ! what shall I do ? The Beast will die !
This the last day too !—I'll sit down and cry.

(*She falls into a chair, weeping.*)

(*After a pause, re-enter 1st Daughter with her dress dirty and disordered. 2nd Daughter follows.*)

1st DAUGHTER. O, Beauty, Beauty ! nasty horrid thing !
Is this the luck your vile rose was to bring ?

2nd DAUGHTER. Ho ! ho ! how clean we are !

BEAUTY. But how came this ?

1st DAUGHTER. I put the rose into my bosom, miss,
And wished myself in that vile monster's château ;
And where—yes, where—yes, where d'you think I gotto ?

BEAUTY. Where ?

1st DAUGHTER. To the *pigsty*, miss—I can't tell how.

2nd DAUGHTER. And served you right.

1st DAUGHTER. I'll scratch you both, I vow.

BEAUTY. On which side did you put the rose?

1st DAUGHTER. The right.

BEAUTY. It should have been the left.

1st DAUGHTER. 'Twas all your spite,
Not to say that before. Bah! what a mess
I'm in!

BEAUTY. But where's the rose?

1st DAUGHTER. My nice new dress!
The rose?—lost—the pigs ate it in the sty.

BEAUTY. Oh! I can't keep my promise—and he'll die!

(*Beauty throws herself into a chair, weeping. 1st Daughter surveys herself in a glass: 2nd Daughter stands jeering at her. Scene closes.*)

SCENE VI.

The Beast's Garden.

(Enter Beast, followed by Goblin Page.)

BEAST. A month has passed—a month and three long days;
Yet Beauty comes not. O, perfidious Beauty!
I thought you were a lady, and would keep
Your promise: promises are pie-crust, all,
Made to be broken. Vainly you, sweet flowers,
Woo me: you'll break my heart, ye little birds.
I can hold out no longer. Leave me, boy.

PAGE. Master, I'm sorry you're so bad.

BEAST. You'll have no master soon, my lad.

PAGE. (*Going.*) Why he's so bad to me's a puzzle,
With such a lot of stuff to guzzle. (*Exit.*)

BEAST. Life ebbs apace: beneath this weeping willow
I'll lay me down, sigh "Beauty!" and so die.

(*He lies down, groaning heavily. Enter Beauty.*)

BEAUTY. At last I'm here. Oh ! what a joy un hoped for,
 To find the rose at length beneath the straw !
 But where is *he* ? Through all the house I've sought
 him,
 And found him not : this withered rose forbodes
 The worst event. Kind host !—most gentle Beast !
 I fear I am too late, and thou hast died.

(*She searches the garden, and at last discovers him.*)

He's dead ! he's dead !—O most distracting sight !

BEAST. Yes, nearly dead, my Beauty, but not quite.

BEAUTY. How *can* I save you ?

BEAST. There's one only way.
 And yet I dare not mention it.

BEAUTY. You may.

BEAST. Say you will marry me.

BEAUTY. Alack-a-day !

BEAST. I'm very good, you know, though not quite pretty.

BEAUTY. Indeed you're not, and the more's the pity.

That you're a Beast, you see, you can't deny.

How *could* we go into society ?

BEAST. Then say you do not hate me, and I'll die.

BEAUTY. No, die you shall not. Really I must try.

Beauty is but skin-deep, and those great catches,
 Though handsome, are not always the best matches.
 Beast, I *will* marry you. (*Beast rises as a Prince.*)

PRINCE. Fair bride, that word

Dissolves the spell that has so long enthralled me ;
 Such was my Fairy Aunt's severe decree,
 That I should live a Beast till some kind maiden,
 Fair as the day, would take me as I was.
 But here she comes herself, and brings your people.
 Welcome good aunt on this most lucky day !

(*Enter Fairy Aunt, Little Fairy, Goblin Page, Merchant, and two Daughters.*)

FAIRY AUNT. Nephew, take the hand of Beauty :
 She is just the girl to suit ye.

Spells no more your life annoy !
Beauty, dear, I wish you joy !
Still be fairer than Titania,
Princess now of Chimpanganzia !
But for you, you spiteful sisters,
Who deserve both boils and blisters,
For your vices to atone
I will turn you into stone
Till your wicked hearts are mended.
Gentles all, our play is ended.

(*Moral Epilogue, spoken by the Fairy Aunt.*)

Now, all good people, hear, I pray,
The moral of our little play.
First, all you young ladies whom I am addressing,
Don't give your attention entirely to dressing :
And put all young gentlemen in your good books
Because of their manners, and not of their looks.
You likewise, ye fathers, to your daughters be kind,
And give them the presents for which they've a mind :
And, should one have a lover, don't growl in the least:
He may turn out a Prince, though you think him a
Beast.

Now, ye minstrels of the air,
All your sweetest notes prepare ;
And let mortal voices, blending,
Celebrate this happy ending.

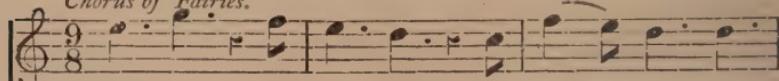
Concluding Chorus.

"BEAUTY, BE HAPPY."

Adapted from Spohr's "Azor and Zemira."

T. R.

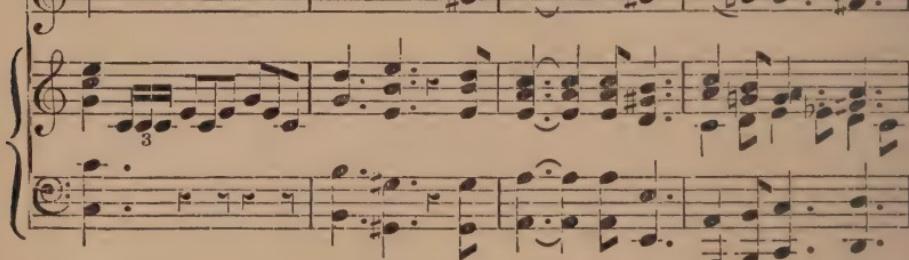
Chorus of Fairies.

1ST
SOPRANO.2ND
SOPRANO.

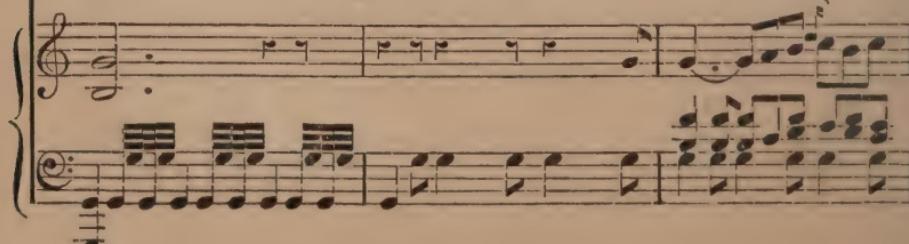
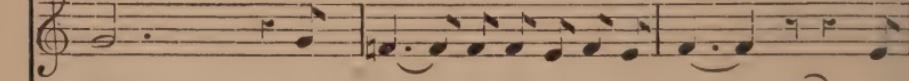
ACCOMP.



past, Sweet-ness and ten - der-ness tri - umph at



last. Be - hold how the prince is set free From



ev - 'ry en-chantress but thee; Thine, thine the

fai - ry charms that hold him fast,.....

Thine, thine the fai - ry charms that hold him

fast, Thine, thine, yes thine.

This section consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a treble clef, featuring eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff is in common time with a bass clef, showing eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with "fast, Thine, thine, yes thine."

Still in these bowers of de - light..... Fai - ries shall dance on the

This section also has two staves. The top staff shows eighth-note patterns with some grace notes. The bottom staff shows eighth-note chords. The vocal line continues with "Still in these bowers of de - light..... Fai - ries shall dance on the".

green; Beau - ti - ful al-ways and Bright..... Where Beau-

This section features two staves. The top staff includes eighth-note patterns and grace notes. The bottom staff shows eighth-note chords. The vocal line concludes with "green; Beau - ti - ful al-ways and Bright..... Where Beau-".

A musical score for 'Beauty and the Beast' featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The top staff consists of two vocal parts: soprano and alto. The middle staff is for the piano. The bottom staff is for the bassoon. The lyrics are as follows:

ty, Beau - ty is queen.
Still in these bowers of de - light, Fair - ies shall dance on the
green; Beau - ti - ful always, and bright,..... Where

Beau - ty her-self is the queen, Where..... Beau - ty herself is the

rallentando.
queen, Where..... Beau - ty her-self is the queen.....

ff rallentando.

.....

.....

CINDERELLA.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE KING.

PRINCE ALONZO.

BUZFUZ, *Lord-in-waiting*.

THE QUEEN.

THE MOTHER.

WILHELMINA.

SOPHONISBA.

CINDERELLA.

OLD FAIRY, LORDS AND LADIES, FOOTMAN, ETC.

Overture “Marta” Flotow.

SCENE I.

A Drawing-Room.

Wilhelmina, and Sophonisba meeting her with a letter in her hand.

SOPH. O, Wilhelmina, have you heard ?

WILH. Heard what ?

SOPH. You'll never guess, dear.—Only look at that !

WILH. (*Reading the letter:*)

“ His Majesty the King sends greeting ”—Ha !

To whom ?—I do declare to my papa !—

“ Commanding his attendance at a ball,

With his good lady and his daughters all,

In honour of his highness, Prince Alonzo.”

SOPH. He's such a dear, they say, and does go on so !

WILL. "Coming of age."—Well, this is really charming !
 SOPH. My costume shall be something quite alarming.
 WILH. Mine shall be quite æsthetic—red and yellow.
 SOPH. And mine—but where's that lazy Cinderella ?
 What ho ! you baggage ! Cinder-slut, I say !
 When she's required, she's never in the way.

(Enter *Cinderella*, shabbily dressed, with a brush and dust-pan.)
 CIND. Sisters, what now ? I thought I heard you calling.
 SOPH. Yes, you deaf door-post, till I'm hoarse with bawling.
 WILH. But what a dirty, dusty, grimy jade !
 A pretty figure for a lady's-maid !
 CIND. I cannot help it. When I'd got the broom
 (For so you ordered me) to sweep your room,
 Mamma came storming in, and rapped my pate,
 And sent me off to clean the kitchen grate.
 SOPH. Bother the grate ! Why, goodness gracious bless us !
 To think of grates, when you have got to dress us !
 For, girl, we're going to the prince's ball. (*Slowly.*)
 Wouldn't you give your ears to go ?—that's all !

CIND. (*Distractedly*) Oh dear !

WILH. Quick !—disobey us if you dare.
 Just hold her, Nisba, while I pull her hair.
 (They push her about, and pull her hair. She cries out. Enter the Mother.)

MOTHER. Why, daughters, what means all this noise and bother ?
 SOPH. It's all this vicious Cinderella, mother.
 She's quite a fury : I do wish you'd thwack her.
 CIND. Oh, sister, what a most audacious cracker !
 MOTHER. (To Sophonisba) I feared so ; but, dear girls, don't let
 her bore us,
 For think what splendid prospects are before us !
 This sweet young prince is just now in the humour
 To take a wife—such is the general rumour ;
 And one of my two daughters—need I say ?—
 From all the world must bear the bell away.
 So hear a mother's counsel : be affected—
 By simple manners is the snob detected.

Let all your dress be *loud, pronounced, emphatic*:
 Such style is always most aristocratic.
 Throw back your heads—assume a scornful look,
 And cut all friends below the rank of duke:
 Talk loud, and roll your eyes—be seen and heard:
 Prudes in society are most absurd.
 And she that home returns the prince possessing,
 By hook or crook, shall win a mother's blessing.

- WILH. Don't tutor *us*, mamma—we're up to snuff.
 But do make haste, you little dirty muff;
 Wash yourself first, for fear you soil our dresses;
 Why are you always in such dreadful messes?
 CIND. One word, good mother. I am longing so
 To see this ball: I'm asked;—*do* let me go!
 Had my own mother lived, she would have let me.
 MOTHER. Preposterous creature, you were born to fret me.
 You're not presentable: you've no manners, child,
 Nor dress to wear.

- SOPH. The creature drives me wild.
 Why, if she went according to her wishes,
 She'd soon be sent downstairs to wash the dishes.
 WILH. You'd hardly like it, darling, I'm afraid,
 Spending the evening with the scullery-maid.
 CIND. Sisters, it is quite a shame, the way you use me.
 Only this once, dear mother—don't refuse me.
 MOTHER. (*Aside.*) How shall I put her off? On one condition,
 Child, I will grant you your absurd petition.
 I'll take three bushels of dry peas and fling them
 Into the ashes. If to me you bring them
 All gathered out within one hour, and do,
 Meantime, all work my daughters set you to,
 Then you shall go.

- CIND. Oh, I can never do it!
 SOPH. You'd better not; for if you went, you'd rue it.
 But what's the earthly use of all this bosh?
 Go, give your face and hands a thorough wash:
 Be ready when we ring.

WILH. And bring hot water.

CIND. But oh, mamma !

MOTHER. Silence ! Obey my daughter.
(*Exeunt Mother, Wilhelmina, and Sophonisba.*)

CIND. Oh, you step-sisters, how you do behave !
I vow I'm treated like a perfect slave—
Badgered all day—toiling outdoors and indoors,
And sent at night to lie among the cinders.
Perhaps there'll just be time, before I'm wanted,
To pay a visit to the tree I planted
Above my mother's grave. A small bird's ditty
There ever greets me with a voice of pity.
I'll say, "Dear bird, do help me, if you please,
Out of my fix about those bothering peas."
Look out my fine sisters ; for, hey cockolorum !
Perhaps after all I shall manage to floor 'em !

S C E N E II.

(*Cinderella, with a large vessel containing peas.*)

CIND. Ah, mother, you have lost the trick !
That little bird's a perfect brick !
No sooner had I made petition,
And told him all the hard condition,
Than off he twittered in a crack,
And with a thousand birds came back,
Who chirped and chattered, and grubbed about,
Till all the peas were clean picked out.
But what's the use ? My mother rails,
And sets her face as hard as nails :
She won't believe her very eyes,
And tells the most tremendous lies.
But hark !—they come. One last appeal
I'll make to that cold heart of steal.

(*Enter Mother and two Daughters, extravagantly dressed.*)

MOTHER. Let me inspect you, darlings, if you please.

CIND. Oh please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

MOTHER. (*Disregarding her*) I think you'll do: you'll make a great impression.

Now try a love-sick, languishing expression.

Fan yourselves gently—good!—that's quite the cheese.

CIND. Oh please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

MOTHER. Try a sweet smile; and, to acquire one, say,
“Plums, poetry and prism.”

WILH. and SOPH. Plums, poetry and prism,
Plums, poetry and prism,
Plums, poetry and prism.

MOTHER. Yes, that's the way.

WILH. and SOPH. Plums, poetry and prism,
Plums, poetry and prism.
Plums, poetry and prism.

MOTHER. Charming! Those looks are for the Prince, you know:

And now shut up some ordinary beau.
Look prouder still—you'll get it by degrees.

CIND. Oh please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

MOTHER. Child, hold your tongue! Upon my word!—Why, bother!

What is the earthly use of all this bother?
Look at your dress—you could not go in that!

CIND. If this a'n't cheating, I don't know what's what.

WILH. I wonder, 'ma, you listen to her prating.

SOPH. Come, come!—time's up—let's go—the coach is waiting.

WILH. When we return, let coffee, wine, and prog
Be ready.

MOTHER. And for me a glass of grog.

SOPH. Poor dear!—she'll cry. It can't be helped, you know.

WILH. Wouldn't it give its little ears to go.

(Song.)

CIND. Ah! leave me not!—I ought to go;
My task is all completed.

WILH. and SOPH. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

CIND. If you say “no,”
I am most vilely treated.

WILH. and SOPH. Cry, baby, cry ! Haste, haste away !

MOTHER. My dears, you look enchanting.

WILH. and SOPH. Yes, won't we set—

CIND. Don't leave me, pray !

WILH. and SOPH. The prince's heart a panting !

CIND. 'Twas ever thus ; from childhood's hour

My fondest hopes she hinders.

MOTHER, WILH. and SOPH. Ha ! ha ! ha ! hey— { haste, haste away,

CIND. { Don't leave me, pray

MOTHER, WILH. and SOPH. { And leave her in the cinders.

CIND. { To lie among the cinders.

"AH, LEAVE ME NOT."

$\text{♩} = 144$

Cinderella.

T. R.

Ah, leave me not ! I ought to go ; my

Wilh. & Soph.

task is all com - ple - ted. Ha, ha, ha,

Cind.

ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! If you say No, I

This musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G major and features a vocal line with eighth-note patterns and a piano accompaniment. The middle staff is also in G major and contains a similar vocal and piano part. The bottom staff is in C major and provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

am most vile - ly treat - ed.

This section continues the musical score for Cind. It includes three staves: a treble staff with a vocal line, a middle staff with eighth-note patterns, and a bass staff providing harmonic support.

*Will. & Soph.**Rather faster.**Mother.*

Cry, ba - by, cry! haste, haste a - way! My

This musical score for the children's voices and the mother includes three staves. The top staff is for the children, the middle staff is for the mother, and the bottom staff provides harmonic support. The vocal parts feature eighth-note patterns and sustained notes.

Wilh. & Soph.

dears you look en - chant - ing. O won't we

Cind.

Don't leave me, pray.

*Wilh.
&
Soph.*

set, O won't we set the Prin - ce's heart, the

Cind.

Wilh.
&
Soph.

Prin - ce's heart a - pant - ing.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for 'Cind.' in treble clef, G major, with four measures of rests. The bottom staff is for 'Wilh. & Soph.' in bass clef, G major, with a melody consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'Prin - ce's heart a - pant - ing.' are written below the staff.

Tempo.

Cind.

'Twas e - ver thus from child - hood's

The musical score shows 'Cind.' in treble clef, G major, with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "'Twas e - ver thus from child - hood's'" are written below the staff. A tempo marking 'Tempo.' is placed above the staff.

Moth.
Wilh.
&
Soph.

The musical score shows three staves: 'Moth.' in treble clef, 'Wilh.' in bass clef, and 'Soph.' in bass clef, all in G major. The 'Moth.' staff has four measures of rests. The 'Wilh.' and 'Soph.' staves have a melody consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Cind. hour my fond - est hopes she hin-
Moth.
Wilh.
&
Soph.

Cind. ders. Don't leave me,
Moth.
Wilh.
&
Soph.

IIa, ha, ha, heh ! Ha, ha, ha, heh ! Haste, haste a -

rall.

Cind. pray, to lie a - mong the cin - ders.

Moth.
Wilh.
&
Soph. way, And leave her in the cin - ders.

colla voce.

(*Exeunt Mother, Wilhelmina, and Sophonisba.*)

CIND. (*Alone*) It's quite atrocious, I declare !
How I should like to pull their hair !
I really don't know what to do.

(Enter Old Fairy.)

Hallo ! good madam, who are you ?

FAIRY. Never you mind, my little ducky ;
Enough that I can make you lucky.
I am a fairy, and I knew your mother ;
The little bird that helps you is my brother ;
And so I've come to make a friendly call.
Now, would you *really* like to see this ball ?

CIND. Wouldn't I just ! But see my clothes—how can I ?
FAIRY. My dear, don't go and try to teach your granny.
Go to your tree, and shake its branches o'er you ;
Perhaps the little bird has something for you.

(Cinderella runs out.)

OLD FAIRY. (*Walking about, and waving her wand:*)

Now's the time for magic sleights :
 Haste ye here, my sister sprites ;
 Hovering through the sky,
 Unseen by mortal eye,
 Haste, and bless this happy day
 With a fairy roundelay !

(*Fairy music behind the scene. Glee, "From Oberon in Fairy Land."*)—STEVENS. NOVELLO & CO.)

(*Re-enter Cinderella, splendidly dressed; on her feet slippers covered with glass beads.*)

FAIRY. Well, now you're something like.

CIND. Yes, dear old hearty !
 That little bird's a most obliging party:
 And so are you.

FAIRY. Yes, we are folks worth knowing.
 But you can't walk: you'll want a coach to go in.

CIND. Yes, if I could but get one ; but how can I ?

FAIRY. Again, my love, I say, don't teach your granny.
 Go fetch a pumpkin from the garden, dear.

(*Cinderella goes, and returns with one.*)

There, that's your coach. Have you a mousetrap here ?

CIND. Yes.

FAIRY. Bring it.

CIND. Here it is.

FAIRY. Hallo ! six mice !

They'll do for horses. Fetch me in a trice,
 The rat-trap next.

CIND. Here !

FAIRY. Has it caught a rat ?

CIND. Oh yes, a whiskered beauty ; and so fat !

FAIRY. He'll make a jolly coachman. Can you find,
 D'you think, two lizards ? Perch them up behind,—
 Two graceful Jeameses, dressed in green and gold.
 And now I wave my magic wand. Behold !

(The articles mentioned having been brought in succession, and placed by Cinderella behind the side-scenes, a toy-coach, with six horses, coachman, and two footmen, is drawn from the same place across the stage by an unseen string.)

CIND. Oh dear ! how very strange !

FAIRY. Well, does it suit ye ?

CIND. Granny, the whole turn-out's a perfect beauty !

Such loves of footmen, too ! And that grand party,
The jolly paunchy coachman !

FAIRY. *He looks hearty :*

You may be bound he likes his beef and beer.
A heavy coachman steadies the coach, my dear.
The Queen, girl, when to Parliament she goes,
Has not a team of cream-colours like those.
Get in then, stupid !

CIND. Nay, but, granny, come !

You're joking. These are meant for General Thumb.
You really must consider me a *flat* !

How can I squeeze into a coach like that ?

FAIRY. I say, don't teach your granny. Can't they grow ?
You weren't your full size all at once, you know.
Coachman, drive on ; outside the garden wait—
They'll be all right, dear, when they're past the gate.

(*The coach is drawn off the stage.*)

And now, one word, my child—go and enjoy yourself ;
Dance with the Prince : with sweetmeats do not cloy
yourself ;

And mind, however much to stay they want you late,
Before the clock strikes twelve you must absquatulate ;
Else all to rags will turn your splendid dress,
And then, you know, you'd be in a pretty mess.
Good luck ! hurrah ! Oh, won't I bother
Your vile stepsisters and stepmother !

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

A Ball-room. King and Queen on thrones. Prince Alonzo and Buzfuz standing.

KING. This company is very long a coming ;
Such conduct to the Crown is not becoming.

BUZFUZ. Just like the snobs : I always find such trash unable
To see that to be late is not most fashionable.

PRINCE. Folks have no manners now: they're getting what
I call

Absurdly radical and democratical.

These liberal notions do not suit *us*, dad.

KING. Ah ! things were different in my youth, my lad.

BUZFUZ. Your royal father, when folks kept him waiting,
Would spike their heads upon the garden grating.

PRINCE. I hope he spared the ladies. But, I say,
What sort of dowdies have you got to-day ?

KING. Oh, stunners ! Trust your dad for that, you monkey.

BUZFUZ. Don't lose your heart, your highness.

PRINCE. Here's the flunkey.

(Enter Footman, ushering in company.)

FOOTMAN. The Duke and Duchess of Van Dieman's Land.

KING. You're welcome, subjects : you may kiss our hand.

(More announcements follow, and more company enters.)

KING. You all are welcome ; pray be blithe and hearty.

FOOTMAN. The Honourable Mrs. Smith and party.

(Enter Mother, Wilhelmina, and Sophonisba, who curtsey extravagantly, and back against the Prince.)

PRINCE. Excuse me, madam ; you have squodged my toe.

WILH. Indeed !

MOTHER. Take care, girl. That's His Highness ! (Aside.)

WILH. Oh !

Ten million pardons, most serene Alonzo ;
These vulgar people really push one on so !

PRINCE. Well, then, to make all square, let's dance a measure.

WILH. Sir, with the most unutterable pleasure.

(*Music. A dance. Enter Footman, who speaks to Buzfuz, who goes out, and returns.*)

BUZFUZ. Sire, a young lady of astounding beauty
Has just arrived—desires to pay her duty.
She looks a princess, but we can't induce her
To tell her name; and so can't introduce her.

KING. (*To Queen*) Shall we allow her to come in?

QUEEN. O yes!

I'm dying to behold this strange princess.

(*Enter Cinderella led in by Buzfuz. She kisses hands. All stand in admiration.*)

PRINCE. So jolly a girl I never yet did see:

My stars and garters! she's the lass for me!

Fair princess, whatsoe'er your name and nation,

Be pleased to give me the great gratification—

(*Prince claps his hands, and cries, "The Lancers!" Music. The last figure of the Lancers danced: after which the company walks about, the Prince with Cinderella. The clock chimes three-quarters, then four quarters. On the first stroke of twelve, Cinderella, starts and escapes from the room.*)

PRINCE. Hallo! What now? She's bolted like a racer!

BUZFUZ. Where is the Princess?

PRINCE. Quick, my Buzfuz—chase her!

(*Exit Buzfuz. The rest walk about, talking in confusion. Re-enter Buzfuz.*)

BUZFUZ. My Lord, the Princess can't be found at all.

I chased her flying to a garden wall,
O'er which she sprang. When I climbed up to see,
She seemed to vanish in a hazel tree.

PRINCE. Oh dear, how bad I feel! I've lost my head!

Oh, Buzfuz, Buzfuz, let me go to bed.

QUEEN. The Prince will faint. Break up, break up the ball!

(*The company prepares to go. Mother, Wilhelmina, and Sophonisba come to the front as they retire.*)

MOTHER. My dears, I don't admire that minx at all.

WILH. A very common person, *I* should say.

SOPH. Oh very ! A mere dressed-up popinjay !

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Song.*)

PRINCE. Ah ! woe is me ! and well-a-day !

Where has that vision fled ?

My light, my life has died away,

And I must go to bed.

CHORUS. O never yet was seen, sir, such a rummy go as this is !

She came, and she departed, like a meteor through the sky ;

How brilliantly she flashed among the madams and the misses !

O, chase her, find her, bring her back, or sure the prince will die !

PRINCE. My heart is going pit-a-pat,

And I have lost my head.

The world is stale, and life is flat.

Oh ! let me go to bed.

CHORUS. O, never yet was seen, etc.

$\frac{1}{4} = 116$
Cinderella.

T. R.

A musical score for 'Cinderella' featuring two staves. The top staff is for the voice and consists of four measures of music in common time (indicated by 'C'). The vocal line begins with a quarter note followed by eighth-note pairs. The lyrics 'Ah, woe is me, and well - aday ! Where has that vi-sion' are written below the notes. The bottom staff is for the piano, showing a bass line with quarter notes and a treble line with eighth-note pairs. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and three sets of diagonal strokes indicating sustained notes. The score is set against a light beige background.

Fled? My life, my light, has died a-way, And

The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a treble clef, showing a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in common time with a bass clef, showing harmonic support with quarter notes. A key signature of one sharp is indicated.

I must go to bed. My life, my light, has

The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a treble clef, showing a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in common time with a bass clef, showing harmonic support with quarter notes. A key signature of one sharp is indicated.

Chorus ♩ = 126.
1st Treble.

rallentando

died a-way, and I must go to bed. Oh,

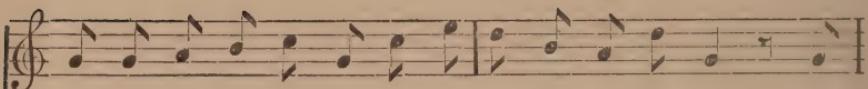
The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a treble clef, showing a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in common time with a bass clef, showing harmonic support with quarter notes. A key signature of one sharp is indicated. The tempo is marked 'rallentando'.

2nd Treble.

The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a treble clef, showing a melody line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in common time with a bass clef, showing harmonic support with quarter notes. A key signature of one sharp is indicated.



never yet was seen, sir, such a rum-my go as this is, She

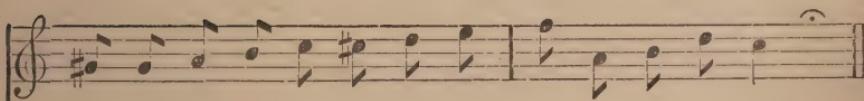


came and she de - part - ed like a meteor thro' the sky. How

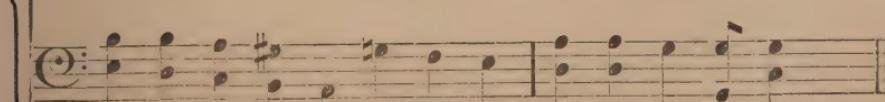




bril - liant - ly she flash'd among the madams and the misses ! Oh,



chase her, find her, bring her back, Or else the prince will die !



SCENE IV.

(A room. Mother, Wilhelmina and Sophonisba discovered sitting. Cinderella on a stool, in a corner, cleaning shoes.)

WILH. Who *can* she be, mamma? It's very queer.

MOTHER. I'm sure she's not respectable, my dear.

SOPH. So strange, that three nights to the ball she came,
And not a single creature knew her name!

MOTHER. It fills me, love, with virtuous indignation:
Such things allowed at Court degrade the nation.

WILH. They say each night she scaled our garden-wall.

SOPH. Yes, that's the most mysterious thing of all.

WILH. And such attention the Prince showed the fright!

SOPH. I had to be a wallflower half the night.

WILH. I, too—the undiscriminating fellow!

He might almost as well court Cinderella!

(They burst out laughing, looking scornfully at Cinderella, who brushes a shoe diligently, but shakes her brush at them when they are not looking.)

SOPH. It was her jewels, dear; I saw he twigg'd 'em:
He's probably hard up—of course, *she* prigged 'em.

MOTHER. She'll be exposed, my dears; the case is flagrant:
She'll get committed as a common vagrant.

(Trumpet outside.)

Hark! What is coming!—That's the royal trumpet!
Off, Cinderella! Take your shoes and stump it!

(Exit Cinderella hastily.)

Assume your airs and graces, girls—look sweet;
Put on your gloves: my fan—is my hair neat?
This is an anxious moment; for who knows
Whether the Prince is coming to propose?

(Enter Buzfuz, carrying a glass slipper. They receive him with extravagant affection.)

MOTHER. Sir, as a ray from royalty's bright centre
We bid you welcome: be not shy—pray enter.

WILH. Though used to bask within the central light,
We yet are pleased to grace the satellite.

BUZFUZ. Ladies, I thank you for your kind attention,
Though your fine speeches pass my comprehension.
But to the point. A lady—such a clipper!—
Last night upon the staircase left this slipper.
You see, it's wonderfully small and neat;
The lady must have most enchanting feet.
The Prince is frantic, buffets us all round,
And vows the lady must and shall be found:
For her, who on her foot this shoe can carry,
In spite of royal marriage-acts, he'll marry.

(*Trumpet outside.*)

He comes himself! My eye! but I shall catch it,
Unless I find a girl whose foot can match it.

(*Enter Prince, distractedly.*)

PRINCE. Garters and stars! Well, Buzfuz, have you sped?
Show me the lady, or I'll break your head!

BUZFUZ. (*To Wilhelmina*) Do say it's you, for goodness' gracious sake!

MOTHER. (*Presenting Wilhelmina*) Allow me, Prince, the liberty
to take
Of saying how rejoiced I am to find
The shoe again my daughter left behind.

Yes, that's her slipper, though the fit's a tight one.

PRINCE. Well, try it on. Buzfuz, that's not the right one.

(*Aside.*)

MOTHER. A moment pardon us: 'twill soon be fitted.

PRINCE. Buz, if it fits, I'm horribly committed.

(*Mother, Wilhelmina, and Sophonisba retire to the end of the room. Prince walks about distractedly, Buzfuz trying to soothe him.*)

MOTHER. It must go on: don't scream, girl, though it pinches.

WILH. Oh, ma! my foot's too big by several inches.

MOTHER. Don't be a fool. Let me cut off your toe.

(*Taking a knife.*)

A princess never needs to walk, you know.

WILH. Oh, mother, you will murder me!—Oh! oh!
(She jumps up and kicks away the shoe.)

PRINCE. Madam, it seems that daughter will not do;
 But there's another girl; let her try too.

MOTHER. Well, after all, I think 'tis Nisba's shoe.

SOPH. I know it's mine, mamma. I would have said so,
 But Mina looked so cross, and tossed her head so.

PRINCE. Don't bother! Try! Buzfuz, I'm easier now. (*Aside.*)
She'll get it on no better than a cow.

(Mother and Sophonisba go aside to try on the shoe.)

MOTHER. Keep still! it's going on.

SOPH. I say it's not! !
 Oh! how you hurt me!

MOTHER. What a heel you've got!
 A hammer, Mina—quick. I must reduce
 This stubborn heel. (*Wilhelmina gives her a hammer.*)

SOPH. Oh!—Murder!—What's the use?

MOTHER. Just one rap. (*Raises the hammer.*)

SOPH. No! You've tortured me enough:
 The Prince be hanged! What care I for the muff?
(Rises, and kicks away the slipper.)

PRINCE. Well, madam, really monstrous pains you've taken.
 Does't fit—eh?

MOTHER. I'm afraid we've been mistaken.

PRINCE. But where's the right one—eh?

MOTHER. I beg your pardon.

PRINCE. Hark ye!—each night she vanished in your garden.
 Eh, Buzfuz?

BUZFUZ. Yes; she scaled the garden-wall.

PRINCE. Have you no other lady here at all?

MOTHER. None, sir, of adequately fine quintessence
 To meet your Royal Highness's splendescence.

PRINCE. Bosh!

MOTHER. There's one slut, that sits among the cinders.

BUZFUZ. Warming her pretty toes, like Polly Flinders.

PRINCE. Bring her directly, or—my stars and garters!—
 I'll have you all cut up into four quarters.

(Enter Old Fairy, leading Cinderella, splendidly dressed.)

MOTHER. Good gracious me ! Can this be Cinderella ?

FAIRY. Yes, madam : you may well turn green and yellow.

Give me the shoe, Prince. Try it on, my love ;
And I'll be bound it fits you like a glove.

(*Cinderella puts on the slipper, and comes forward, led by the Fairy.*)

BUZFUZ. Your highness, that's a beauty without painting.

MOTHER. Oh, girls !—the sal-volatula !—I'm fainting.

(*She falls back, supported by Wilhelmina and Sophonisba.*)

PRINCE. Faint as you like ! The plague take all the lot,
Except my precious bride, whom here I've got.
As for those others, there's no way of putting it
Except that they have nicely put their foot in it.

(*Trumpet and drum outside.*)

BUZFUZ. Prince, I believe your pa and ma are coming.

PRINCE. I thought so, by that most atrocious drumming.

(*Enter King and Queen.*)

KING. Hallo ! you've found your girl at last, my boy ?

QUEEN. A charming bride ! My dear, I wish you joy.

KING. Bless ye, my children !

PRINCE. Oh ! I feel *so* jolly !

FAIRY. Prince, do have done at present with your folly,
Spooning in public may too far be carried.
But it is now high time we got you married :
And for this purpose I will try to fish up
Some non-colonial ritualistic bishop.

KING. But, since you may not catch one in a hurry,
Suppose you sing a song to keep us merry (*to Prince*).

PRINCE. What shall it be ?

KING. Oh, something that won't bore us :
“ Come live with me.”

PRINCE. You all must join in chorus.

(*Song, “ Come live with me.”—J. L. HATTON. METZLER & CO.*
Repeating last line of each stanza in chorus.)

MOTHER. (Rising from her swoon :)

My lieges, now you've done your tweedledee—
A little frivolous it seemed to me—

Let me express the hope that she whom fate
Has raised to greatness from the kitchen-grate—
This person—may prove worthy of the honour :
Believe me, I have spent much pains upon her.
That she has proved ungrateful for *my* care
Is what I looked for—I the blow can bear.
I loved her dearly once—the dream is past :
You'll find out her true character at last.
As for myself and daughters, let me say,
Deceit and witchcraft are not in *our* way :
We scorn your court, abjure its giddy height ;
And so, with quiet dignity, we wish you all good-night
(They curtsey deeply, retiring backward.)

PRINCE. Good-night, good madam, if you will not stay
To dance a measure on our wedding-day.

OLD FAIRY. (*To the audience :*)

At any rate, good people all, we pray
Your kind approval of our Christmas play.

*(Chorus in Act III., Scene 1. of WAGNER'S "Lohengrin." "Faithful
and true," etc.)*

R O S E B U D ;
OR,
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING.

QUEEN.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

LADY-IN-WAITING. —

NURSE. —

ROSEBUD. —

BEEFEATER.

PAGE.

COOK.

SIX GOOD FAIRIES. 2 —

SEVENTH FAIRY—SPITFIRE.

Overture " Figaro " Mozart.

S C E N E I.

A Room in the Palace. Table spread, with cups, dishes, and six gold plates. Queen, Lord Chancellor, and Lady-in-waiting discovered, arranging the table.

(Enter King.)

KING. Where is the Queen? Hallo, old girl! I say,
Is all prepared for this auspicious day?—
The banquet cooked, the fairies all invited?—
I would not for the world that *they* were slighted.

PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

- QUEEN. The feast's all right—the cakes are my own making—
I'm quite done up with kneading, tasting, baking ;
Though precious little trouble *you've* been taking.
KING. Affairs of state, my dear, affairs of state !
QUEEN. Affairs of snooze and booze at any rate.
In fact, your waste and idleness you've carried
To such a pitch, and spent so much on claret,
That, to provide for this our christening fête,
Your chancellor has had to pawn your plate.
KING. My plate !—the rascal ! Are you stating facts ?
Why could you not have raised the income-tax ?

(*To Chancellor.*)

- CHAN. Your subjects, sire, are on rebellion bent :
I taxed their matches, and they weren't content.
KING. Ha !—not content ? I'll have them hanged by dozens.
QUEEN. Right ! But the question is, these fairy cousins.
Since the plate went I've been in such a fix !
Of golden trenchers there are left but six,
Which, for our seven fairy friends, you know,
Are one too few.
KING. Why here's a pretty go !
How have you managed ?
QUEEN. Why, I've left one out.
KING. One what ?
QUEEN. One fairy God-mother, you lout.
KING. What ?—not invited her ?
QUEEN. How could I ?
KING. Which is't ?
QUEEN. That disagreeable Spitfire.
KING. She's the richest
Of all the lot.
QUEEN. I hate the spiteful patch.
KING. My dear, a rich God-mother is a catch.
She'll be so angry, too, if she feels slighted.
CHAN. Let's hope she mayn't turn up, though uninvited.
KING. Bless us ! (Bell rings.)
CHAN. I hear the bell.

- KING. They're coming, queen ;—
For goodness' sake do try to look serene.
- QUEEN. My sceptre, Duchess. Are my skirts all right ?
How do I look ?
- LADY. It is a pure delight
To see you : there's no beauty that can match you.
She'll swallow any flattery. (*Aside to Chancellor.*)
- CHAN. Hush ! she'll catch you. (*Aside.*)
(Enter six fairies, one by one. King and Queen welcome them in
succession, and seat them at the table.)
- KING (to 1st Fairy). So glad to see you !
- QUEEN. Dearest cousin, pray
Be seated.
- KING (to 2nd Fairy). Welcome on this happy day.
- QUEEN (to 3rd Fairy). Well met, sweet friend : you always bring
good luck.
- KING (to 4th Fairy). You'll find your little Godchild such a duck !
- QUEEN (to 5th Fairy). You, too !—how nice !
- KING (to 6th Fairy). To see you's quite a treat.
And now, I think, our party is complete.
- QUEEN. Now, Duchess, look alive, and hand the cake !
- LADY. Which sort, sweet ladies, will you please to take ?
- KING. Chancellor, stump about !—you're plaguy slow !
The wine ! (*Chancellor pours out wine.*)
- LADY. To drink to your Godchild's health, you know.
- KING. Just one more glass, to keep out cold and damp.
And now, sir, you may summon Mrs. Gamp.
(*To Chancellor.*)
- (Exit Chancellor. The Fairies sip their wine smiling. Re-enter
Chancellor, with nurse carrying baby. The Fairies rise, rush at
the baby, hugging and kissing it.)
- 1st FAIRY. Delicious darling !
- 2nd FAIRY. Just like it's papa !
- 3rd FAIRY. I think it's precious nose is like mamma.
- 4th FAIRY. Such sweet blue eyes !
- 5th FAIRY. And such a curly-wig !
- 6th FAIRY. Why, it's as fat as any sucking-pig !

NURSE (*Recovering the baby*) :

Excuse me, ladies ; on my word—reely !
You poke and squeedge it so you'll make it cry.
Ha ! catchy, catchy ! Did they hurt my chuck ?—
Now, what are you going to give it for good luck ?

(*Curtseying.*)

1st FAIRY. This faithful soul reminds us of our duty.

Let's take our wands and bless the smiling beauty.

(*Fairies take up their wands, and come forward in succession.*)
2nd FAIRY. I give the dowry of bewitching looks.

3rd FAIRY. I, health and wealth.

4th FAIRY. I, learning without books.

5th FAIRY. I give good temper. She shall never cry,
Not when the nurse rubs soap into her eye.

6th FAIRY. My gift is skill in music and in painting.

(*Enter suddenly Spitfire. Queen starts and screams.*)
QUEEN. Ugh ! there's that horrid Spitfire ! King, I'm fainting.

(*She falls into a chair.*)

LADY (*giving the Queen smelling-salts*)

Madam, be firm. She's looking *so* satirical.

QUEEN. Oh, but I feel so *dreadfully* hysterical !

KING (*going forward to meet Spitfire*) :

Dear friend, we've been in such a palpitation
For fear you had not got our invitation.

QUEEN. Why this is quite an unexpected pleasure.

Allow me to present our infant treasure.

SPIT. Bosh and gammon !

KING. Valued friend,
Pray believe us !

SPIT. Fiddlestick-end !

QUEEN. Cousin !

SPIT. Never try to patch it !
I'm insulted. You shall catch it !
Let me see the precious pet.
I've one gift to give her yet.

(*The rest of the speech to be recited in monotone, accompanied by soft music on the piano.*)

Fifteen years shall pass away ;
 Then shall come the fated day.
 With a spindle whirling quick
 She her little hand shall prick ;
 So speak I, who cannot lie—
 Prick her little hand—and die.

NURSE. Oh, bless its little heart ! Lauk, lauk-a-day !
 Sure, ma'am, you can't be meaning what you say.

KING. Our valued friend is joking.

SPIT. Joking ?—Yes !

CHAN. Your majesties, I fear you're in a mess.

QUEEN. Dear coz, relent : you *must* be joking.

SPIT. No !

But now, *dear* Queen, for fear of being *de trop*,
 Your *uninvited, valued friend* will go.

(Exit Spifire. All stand in consternation.)

1st FAIRY (coming forward) :

Dear friends, I can't reverse, I fear,
 The doom that you have quaked to hear ;
 But, having yet to give my blessing,
 I'll make the sequel less distressing.
 Naught can avert the fatal chance ;
 But death I change into a trance.

(Monotone Recitative and soft music as above.)

In a silent trance and deep,
 She a hundred years shall sleep ;
 She and all—both man and mouse—
 Living in th' enchanted house,
 Till a prince, some lucky day,
 From a land that's far away,
 Comes to break the dismal spell.
 This is all I can—farewell !

(Exeunt Fairies, solemnly curtseying.)

(Song. Tune, "Oh dear, what can the matter be ?")

KING. Oh dear ! what can we make of it ?

QUEEN. Oh dear ! what shall we do ?

NURSE. Poor little dear, I would die for the sake of it !

- CHAN. True, sir, you well may look blue !
 LADY. Still you have fifteen long years before you, sir.
 KING. Yes, fifteen years is a jolly long spell.
 CHAN. Distant the prospect is : don't let it bore you, sir.
 ALL. Hearts up ! and all may be well.
 KING. All *shall* be well, my Queen. Why, bless us !
 Why should such silly fears distress us ?
 Now, Chancellor, I give you warning :
 If by this time to-morrow morning
 A single spindle shall be found, sir,
 Within this palace, or its ground, sir,
 Bringing danger to my daughter,
 By your head you'll soon be shorter :
 And off with any woman's head, sir,
 Who dares, henceforth, to spin a thread, sir.
 CHAN. Most strictly, sire, your orders I'll obey.
 KING. You'd better. Let's be jolly while we may.
 NURSE. Oh ! lauk-a-day ! I'm in a strange quandary ;
 It's my opinion all will turn contrary.
 There's no accounting for these sort of things,
 And what must be must be in spite of kings.

SCENE II.

(A Banquet-Room in the Palace. Table spread, with dishes, cups, etc., and chairs round it. Also a side-table. At the back of the stage, at such height as to be above the heads of persons sitting at the table, a platform must be contrived, to be entered behind the back-scenes. At the back of the stage, on each side of the opening to the platform, and below it, hangings, or scenes representing the wall of the room. Across the opening to the platform gauze is stretched, so as to give the idea of distance ; and, in front of the gauze, curtains that may be drawn and withdrawn. When the scene opens, the curtains are drawn.

(Enter the six good Fairies. Music.)

1st FAIRY. Fifteen years have passed away :
 Is not this the fated day ?

CHORUS. Yes, it is the fated day.

1st FAIRY. See ! a feast prepared to-night.

Let them taste a short delight,

Careless of the fairies' warning !

Sleep will come before the morning !

CHORUS. Sleep like death before the morning !

(Enter Spitfire. *The other fairies turn towards her angrily, extending their wands.*)

1st FAIRY. Ah ! she comes ! The furies take her !

Hence ! avaunt, thou mischief-maker !

CHORUS. Hence ! avaunt, thou mischief-maker !

"FIFTEEN YEARS HAVE PASSED AWAY."

T. R.

Recit. ad lib. 1st Fairy.

Fif - teen years have passed a - way: Is not this the fa - ted day?

Chorus of Fairies.

tempo $\text{♩} = 76$.

1st Fairy

agitato $\text{♩} = 116$.

Yes, it is the fa - ted day. See ! a feast prepared to-

tempo.

piaceato.

accel.

night.

Let them taste a short de - light,

accel.

ritard.

misterioso.

Heed-less of the fai - ries' warn-ing; Sleep will come be-

ritard.

Chorus.

1st Fairy.

fore the morn - ing! Sleep will come, Sleep like death, Sleep will come,

arpegg.

arpegg.

*Chorus.**1st Fairy & Chorus.*

Sleep like death be - fore the morn-ing.

*rall. ad lib.**rallentando.**dim.**pp*</div

Chorus. *Tempo.*

Hence, hence ! a - vaunt, thou mischief - maker ! Thou mischief - maker !

ff ad lib.

Thou mis - chie - f - ma - ker !

SPIT. Peace ! 'tis vain. I know my power :
 Now is come the fated hour.
 Yonder, in a lonely tower,
 All to King and Queen unknown,
 Bent with age, and wrinkled grown,
 Sits and spins an aged crone—
 Sits all day and spins alone,
 Long forgotten and unknown.
 See her, then, the aged crone !

(The curtain is withdrawn, and discovers a couch, and beside it an old woman, with distaff and spindle, spinning. Rosebud approaches her; stands gazing at the spindle; tries to take it; the old woman waves her off.)

SPIT. She will get it by-and-by :
 Thus speak I, who cannot lie ;
 She will get it by and by,
 Prick her little hand, and die.

1st FAIRY. She shall sleep ; she shall not die.
 CHORUS. Sleep for a hundred years ; not die !

1st Fairy. Recit. ad lib.

Chorus of Fairies. Tempo ♩ = 76.

She shall sleep, she shall not die ! Sleep for a hundred years, *not die !*

(The curtain is again drawn so as to hide the opening. *Exeunt Fairies. Enter King, Queen, Chancellor, Lady-in-waiting, lords and ladies, and take their places at table; ushered in by Beef-eater and Page.*)

(Song. Tune, "Three Jolly Postboys.")

KING. Now, lords and ladies, let us eat like dragons !
 QUEEN. Now, lords and ladies, let us eat like dragons !
 CHORUS. And let's be determined,
 And let's be determined,
 And let's be determined
 To push about the flagons !

Song and Chorus.

Tune, "Three Jolly Post Boys."

♩ = 144.

King.

Now lords and la - dies let us eat like dra - gons.

Queen.

Now lords and la - dies let us eat like dra - gons.

Chorus.

And let's be de - ter - min - ed, And let's be de - ter - min-ed,

And let's be de-ter-min-ed to push a-bout the fla-gons.

(While they sing, enter the Cook, bearing a soup-tureen, which he places on the sideboard.)

KING. What ho! the soup!

PAGE (to the Cook). D'ye hear, ye stupid block?

Some soup! Here ye are, sir. (Holding soup to the King. He and the Beefeater serve the rest.)

PAGE (to the Beefeater). Butler, hand the hock
(Wine handed round.)

KING. I never felt so free from melancholy.

CHAN. We're all rejoiced to see you look so jolly.

What spirits the King has! (To Lady-in-waiting.)

LADY. And he's so witty!

CHAN. Such royal grace and fancy! And how pretty
And young her Majesty does look to-night!

LADY. Oh, exquisite! She looks a perfect fright. (Aside.)

CHAN. Hush! or they'll hear you. (Aside.)

KING. Fol-de-rol! I say,

Where's Rosebud? I've not seen her all the day.

QUEEN. Dressing, I think: she said she'd dine alone.

LADY. What a sweet creature has the Princess grown!

KING. Why, yes—she'll pass. But think, dear, of those fairies,
Thinking to fright us with their strange vagaries!

She'd prick her finger with a spindle, would she?

But when the spindles all were burnt, how could she?
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

QUEEN. Ha! ha!

LADY.	He ! he !
CHAN.	Ho ! ho !
KING.	Well, this is the girl's birthday, as you know : I'll mark it by some gracious act. I say, (<i>to Chancellor</i>) Was not some fellow to be hanged to-day ?
CHAN.	Yes, sire ; that man who broke his fiddle-string.
LADY.	And one, you know, because he could not sing.
QUEEN.	Serve him right, too.
KING.	My dear, they shall not swing To-day : I pardon both.
CHAN.	What condescension ! This clemency——.
LADY.	Surpasses comprehension !
KING.	Ha ! I believe you, girl. Put on the bowl, And, while we're waiting for the peacock, troll— I feel just like him—"Old King Cole."

(Beefeater places a punch-bowl on the table. The King fills his glass, and begins the song.)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he !
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for his
fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he !
Fiddle-diddle-dee went the fiddlers, fiddle-diddle-dee !
For there's none so rare as can compare with the sons of harmony.

Song and Chorus.

J-126.

"OLD KING COLE."

Traditional.

A musical score for three voices. The top voice is in C major with a treble clef, the middle voice is in C major with a bass clef, and the bottom voice is in C major with a bass clef. The lyrics "Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, and a" are written below the top voice staff. The bottom voice staff has the instruction "Colla voce." above it.

ad lib.

mer - ry old soul was he. He called for his pipe and he

colla voce.

called for his bowl and he called for his fiddlers three !

Every fid - dler had a fid - dle, and a

rall. ad lib.

tempo.

ve - ry fine fiddle had he. Fiddle-diddle-dee went the fiddlers,

rall. colla voce.

*p**p*

fiddle-diddle-dee,

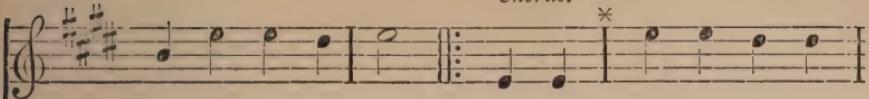
Fiddle-diddle-dee, went the fiddlers,

*cres.**cres.*

fiddle-diddle-dee! For there's none so rare as can compare with the

*f**ff*

Chorus.



Sons of Har - mo - ny, For there's none so rare as

rall. ad lib.

can com-pare with the Sons of Har - mo - ny! *Dal* :S:

Colla vox.

Dal :S:

* At this point the Chorus suddenly ceases, and recommences at "the awakening," when it should be sung to the end and repeated from :S:

During the song, enter Cook, bearing a peacock on a dish with its tail spread. At the same time the curtain is withdrawn above and discovers the old woman and Rosebud. The latter gets hold of the spindle, and tries to spin. Below, Page tries to get a feather from the peacock's tail: the Cook struggles with him. At the table the Chancellor takes the hand of the Lady-in-waiting, and offers to kiss it. The Queen, perceiving what the Chancellor is at, is about to pull his hair. The Beefeater, in a corner, raises a bottle to his mouth. Just as the chorus, "There's none so rare, etc., " is begun, and as the King is about to drink, and the Chancellor to kiss the Lady's hand, and the Queen to pull the Chancellor's hair, and the Cook to box the Page's ear, and the Beefeater to drink out of his bottle, Rosebud pricks her finger, and falls on the couch. Suddenly the song ceases, and all are fixed in their respective attitudes. After a time the scene closes.)

SCENE III.

At the back of the stage a hedge, represented by scenery, or otherwise. Before the hedge bones scattered on the ground.

(Enter Prince.)

PRINCE. Is this the place of which I've dreamt so long,
 And wandered through the wide wide world to find it ?
 For ever in my dreams I seemed to hear
 A voice that called me over land and sea
 To some mysterious hidden paradise,
 Where haply I might find a blooming bride.
 Is this the place at last ? The mystic voice
 Whispers it is. But how to pass this hedge ?
 It seems impassable : and oh ! how fearful !
 I see all round the blanching bones of men.
 Ha ! who comes here ?—A peasant : I'll accost her :
 Perhaps she'll tell me something.

(Enter Spitfire, disguised as a peasant, with cloak and hood.)

PRINCE. Madam, pray
 Can you inform me what's behind this fence ?
 SPIT. Hence, if you love your life ! good stranger, hence !
 PRINCE. Certainly not. I've travelled far, you see.
 And turning back is not the thing for me.
 SPIT. Well, hear the story that is told
 About this fence from times of old :
 'Tis said a palace lies behind it,
 Though no one ever yet could find it.
 Those who in other days have tried
 Have stuck fast in the thorns, and died.
 Behold their bones ! Be warned, my friend,
 And court not such a fearful end.
 PRINCE. Upon my word, good madam, really
 I wish you would not talk so queerly.
 I was intending to pursue
 My course, and force a passage through ;

But now you've given me such a fright,
I feel my liver turning white.

SPIT. The last that tried—a prince like you—
I saw him pining day by day :
The sharp thorns pierced him through and through.

PRINCE. I'm half inclined to run away ;
And yet that music sweet and clear,
That mystic voice that haunts my ear,
Urges me on to daring deeds.

The many fail ; the one succeeds.

(Chorus of Fairies. Music, DOWLAND'S "Legend of the Avon"—
Old English ditties.)

Onward, Prince, whate'er betide !
Faint heart never won fair bride.
Thorny though the thicket grows,
Sweet within it sleeps the rose.

PRINCE. They urge me on to daring deeds—
The many fail, the one succeeds.

SPIT. Those are the wicked syrens of the wood,
That laugh, and quaff the luckless wanderer's blood.
They sing to lure you on to die,
Their rosy lips will suck you dry.

PRINCE. A pleasant thought, upon my word !
It can't be true ; the thing's absurd !

SPIT. Let not their cunning sleights deceive you.

PRINCE. Madam, be hanged ! I don't believe you.

(Chorus of Fairies. Music as before.)

Onward, Prince, whate'er betide !
Faint heart never won fair bride.
Thorny though the thicket grows,
Oh ! how sweet the hidden rose !

PRINCE. Madam, unhand me ! I *will* go.

SPIT. Stay ! stay !

Idiot ! A wilful man will have his way.

(Prince breaks loose from Spitfire, who in vain tries to detain him.
He passes through the hedge.)

SPIT (*Throwing off her disguise*):

He's gone—he'll find her—and he'll wake her !
I'm floored at last. The mischief take her !

(*Music. Enter the six good Fairies.*)

1st FAIRY. Yes, floored at last, thou mischief-maker !

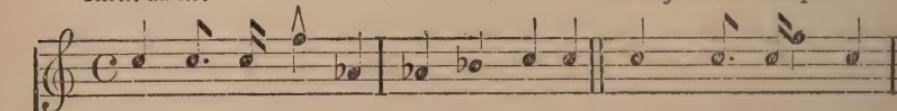
CHORUS. Floored, floored at last, thou mischief-maker !

1st Fairy.

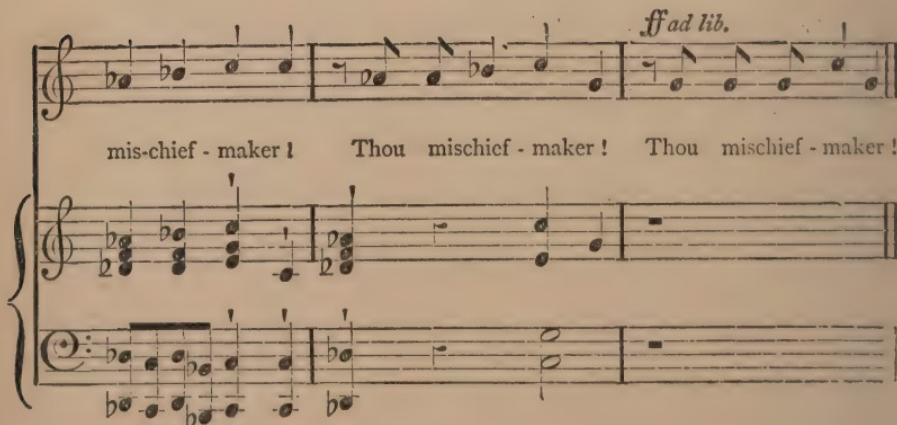
Recit. ad lib.

T. R.

Chorus of Fairies. tempo.



Yes, floored at last ! thou mis - chief maker ! Floored, floored at last, thou



1st FAIRY. In vain are all your arts to-day ;
The hundred years are past away :

The Prince is come ; he breaks the spell ;
He wins his bride, and all is well.

(*The speech, to this place, in monotone. Recitative with soft pianoforte accompaniment as before.*)
(*Exit Spitfire in a rage.*)

Now is the time for sport and pleasure :
Come, let us dance a fairy measure ;
Dance a measure, in and out,
Here and there, and round about.
Luck and joy we fairies bring,
Dancing in a fairy ring.

(*Chorus and dance of fairies. "Here in cool grot."*—LORD MORN-
INGTON. NOVELLO & CO. Scene closes.)

SCENE IV.

The Banquet-hall discovered, as at the end of Scene II., all being asleep in their several attitudes. Above, Rosebud is asleep on the couch, the old woman in her chair. A light is thrown on Rosebud's face.

(Enter Prince below.)

PRINCE. Why, here's a most uncommon go !
It's Mr. Jarley's waxwork show !
Hallo ! you dormice ! Nothing will waken 'em :
Whatever in the world has taken 'em ?
It's just the same outside the house :
The dog with a rat, and the cat with a mouse,
Are standing just ready to make a spring :
The very birds are asleep on the wing.
The ducks and the hens, and the cows and the sheep,
The pigs and the turkey-cocks, all are asleep :
The parrots in cages, the horses in stalls,
And the flies and the wasps on the fruit-tree walls.
These folks look alive, though—they cannot be dead :
Dummy, wake up, or I'll break your head !

(To the King.)

No—they won't move, the unmannerly bears !
I'll try what there is to be seen upstairs.

(Exit Prince, and reappears above. He stands entranced.)

PRINCE. Ah ! what vision of delight

Bursts at last upon my sight !

'Tis the very form that seemed

Ever near me when I dreamed.

I know those waves of golden light

That flow about her face—'tis she !

Love, if thy tresses are so bright,

How bright those hidden eyes must be !

(He kneels, parts her hair, and kisses her. She wakes, rises, and takes his arm. The old woman also rises, and takes her spindle. Below, all awake at the same moment, the King drinks, the Chancellor kisses the Lady's hand, the Queen pulls the Chancellor's hair, the Cook boxes the Page's ear, the Beefeater drinks out of his bottle. The chorus is suddenly renewed where it was broken off.)

CHORUS. " — None so rare as can compare
With the Sons of Harmony."

(For music, see p. 77.)

KING. There, that's enough : uncommon well we've done it.
But what a time it seems since we begun it !
What can the matter be ? I feel so queer.

QUEEN. I feel as if I'd had a nap, my dear.
Look at the Duchess, too, and all the set :
I think they're hardly in their senses yet.

LADY. Oh, gracious sovereign, far be it from me
To sleep in presence of your majesty !

KING. Have you been napping, Chancellor ?

CHAN. Oh no !
Not for the world ! I'm very hungry though.

KING. Ha ! that reminds me : we were having dinner.
Why don't you bring the second course, you sinner ?

(To Cook.)

PAGE. D'ye hear, ye lout ? (Poking the Cook.)

COOK. I'll bring it in a trice.

(Cook sets the peacock before the King.)

KING. Why, goodness me! It's all as cold as ice!
How dare you set a dish like this on?—eh, man?
You shall be hanged, you knave, as high as Haman.

COOK. Oh, gracious sovereign, mercy! Hang me not!
I'm sure I brought it in quite piping hot.

CHAN. Impossible, my liege! I saw it coming
Only just now, when we began our strumming.

LADY. It can't have cooled, sir, in so short a space.

QUEEN. Let him be hanged!—he's lying to our face.

KING. Yes, hang him instantly.

COOK. But, sir!

KING. No buts!

BEEF. Allow me to adjust your tie. (*Putting a rope round the Cook's neck.*)

PAGE. What nuts!
You'll box my ears another time, sir, will you?
You'll be made meat of soon: they're going to kill
you.

(Enter Prince, with Rosebud.)

KING. Why, here comes Rosebud! And just look! I say,
She's got a fellow. Who are *you*, sir, eh?

PRINCE. Ha! found your tongue at last. It was my hap, sir,
Just now to catch you in a very sound nap, sir.

KING. We *have* been napping, then?

LADY. Indeed not *I*, sir!

CHAN. Nor I assuredly.

QUEEN. Don't tell a lie, sir!

PRINCE. Manners! And listen, now that you're awake:
This is your daughter, if I don't mistake;
And I would have you plainly understand
That here I offer her my heart and hand.

KING. He seems a decent fellow. What d'ye think, dear?

QUEEN. It all depends upon his rank and chink, dear.
Who are you? How much can you settle on her?

PRINCE. I am a real Prince, upon my honour.

QUEEN. What think you, Duchess?

LADY. Pray be cautious, madam.

You see, we don't know this young man from Adam.

CHAN. I think he ought, before the thing proceeds,
To show his pedigree and title-deeds.

PRINCE. Stuff! I don't carry such things in my pocket.
Grave sir, it strikes me you're a precious blockhead.

LADY. What dreadful language!

QUEEN. I don't like his look.
He's an adventurer.

KING. Hang him with the Cook!

(Chancellor approaches him with a rope. Enter from one side the six good Fairies, from the other Spifire, who stands in the background.)

1st FAIRY. Hang my Prince? A pretty story!

King and Queen, behold before ye
Him of whom I spoke, you know,
More than a hundred years ago.

(The rest of the speech spoken in monotone, with pianoforte accompaniment, *ppp*, as above.)

In a silent trance and deep
You have slept a wondrous sleep.
Years on years have o'er you rolled,
Yet sweet Rosebud grew not old.
See her young, and fresh, and bright,
As though she had slept but a single night.
Here is the Prince that broke the spell:
Give him his bride, and all is well.

KING. Can all these things have happened as you say?
What! have we slept a hundred years away?

QUEEN. It's like a fairy tale.

1st FAIRY. 'Tis strange, but true.

KING. As for the youth—being introduced by you,
We can no longer feel the least objection:
Your patronage ensures his high connection.

1st FAIRY. But what says Rosebud? She may answer "No;"
In these days ladies have their rights, you know!

PRINCE. Speak then, my love. Am I the chap to suit ye?

ROSE. Oh yes, dear Prince ; you are a perfect beauty.
When you awoke me, I was quite enchanted :
Indeed, you're just the fellow that I wanted.

(*Spitfire comes forward.*)

QUEEN. But, King, just look ! There's Spitfire in the room :
She'll spoil all with some dreadful words of doom.

SPIT. Fear not—I'm mischievous no longer ;
I was strong, but she was stronger.
Now I've neither will nor power
To avert this blissful hour.
I own I was horribly angry at first ;
But my temper improved when it got to the worst.
I've had a regular cry in the wood,
And a fit of hysterics that did me good.
I'm beginning to find that spite won't pay :
So let them be married—or hanged, as they may !

PRINCE. Upon my word, I quite admire that lady ;
Her sentiments are anything but shady !
Pray, ma'am, excuse a shortish invitation,
And deign to grace our marriage celebration.

ROSE. Pray do.

KING. And drown in drinking and in eating
The memory of our last unpleasant meeting.

QUEEN. I'm sure she'll come.

She'll come.

1st FAIRY. Yes, she'll be present.
There's an end now to everything unpleasant.

(*Shakes hands with Spitfire.*)

And so, the fairies all their influence blending
To bring this story to a happy ending,
Let's hope that, after every nap you take,
Morning like this may dawn when you awake.

PRINCE (*coming forward with Rosebud*) :

And you, kind friends, who patiently to-day
Have listened to our little Christmas play,
We wish you heartily the best of cheer,
And many a happy Christmas and New Year !

THE PRINCESS.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE PRINCE.

FLORIAN }
CYRIL } Friends of the Prince.

HOST.

IDA, the Princess.

BLANCHE }
PSYCHE } Young Widows and Professors.

MELISSA, Blanche's Daughter.

KING OLAF, Father of the Prince.

KING GAMA, Father of the Princess.

PROCTORESSES, LICTORS, BEDEL, AND LADIES.

Overture "Tancrede" Rossini

S C E N E I.

Before a hostelry. A table and benches.

(Enter Prince, Florian and Cyril.)

PRINCE. Florian and Cyril, my right trusty friends,
At length, methinks, our long, long journey ends.
Yonder is Paradise : its towers I see,
Where she—my Ida—shuns the world and me.
And shall I see her ? Will her heart relent ?
If not, like Patience on a monument,
And with a melancholy green and yellow—
FLOR. Shut up, you most absurdly spoony fellow !

- What is the use of going on like that?
 But for your princedom, I should call you "flat!"
- CYRIL. Moaning and cooing, like a stupid dove !
- PRINCE. Ah ! friends, you know not what it is to love !
- FLOR. Love what ? A pig-in-a-poke ! The bare idea !
 Before I loved a girl, I'd like to see her.
- PRINCE. Have I not seen her ? Yes ; by night and day,
 In dreams and visions : and her picture—eh ?
 Have I not got her picture ? Gaze, thou sceptic !
(He takes a miniature from his bosom, and shows it.)
- FLOR. Pretty enough ; but more or less dyspeptic.
 And then, you know, court painters always flatter !
- CYRIL. To me she looks quite mad—mad as a hatter !
 And proud as Lucifer. She'll comb your locks !
 She's got a temper !
- PRINCE. Peace ! irreverent blocks !
 She is perfection, sirs, from top to toe.
 Oh ! Ida, Ida ! Lovely Ida, oh !
- FLOR. Well, it appears you cannot do without her ;
 So let us lose no time, but ask about her.
 Here is a public—let us call the host :
 Of all folks here, he's sure to know the most.
- (Florian and Cyril knock at the door of the hostelry. The Prince walks about distractedly.)*
- FLOR. and CYRIL. What ho !—within there ! Host, host, host come out !
- HOST. What in the world is all this row about ?
 Your servant, gentlemen.
- FLOR. Good host, look handy,
 And fetch this gentleman a glass of brandy.
(Exit Host, and returns with bottle and glasses.)
- HOST. Here's the right stuff. Do take a drop, my lad !
(To Prince.)
 It grieves my heart to see you look so bad.
(Prince waves away the glass ; then takes it, sighs deeply, and drinks.)
- Is the poor gen'man guv to this sort o'fit ?

FLOR. He'll soon be right: let's sit and talk a bit.

(They all sit round the table.)

Host, we are told that in the neighbouring wood
This land's fair Princess, with a sisterhood
Of learned ladies, wonderfully blue,
Devotes her life to study. Is it true?

HOST. True? I believe you, boy! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
I never heerd of such a rummy go!

Why, sir, she's left the court, its feasts and dances,
Full of the most extraordinary fancies—
Of women's rights, forsooth, and women's wrong,
And how that men had kept them down too long,
And how they only needed eddication,
To be top-sawyers of the whole creation.
And so she's founded, in this forest lonely,
A university for ladies only! (*Obstreperous laughter.*)

CYRIL. Well, host, to tell the truth, we've come to try
To see this lady.

HOST. Do you wish to die?

I tell you no male thing may show its nose
Within three miles: she'll gibbet you like crows!
I saw her once—just like a stately column:
It froze my blood, she looked so awful solemn.

PRINCE. I see her now—like Pallas from the sky.

Friends, let us go—see her but once, and die!

FLOR. Not just yet, thank you! Host, to tell the truth,
This is a Northern Prince, betrothed in youth
To her, your Princess; and, whate'er you say,
See her we must.

PRINCE. Love will find out a way.

HOST. Nay, cut your throats at once, good gentlemen;
But face not learned tigers in their den!

CYRIL. But who are with her? Who profess the arts
And sciences?

HOST. Two Mistresses of Hearts,
The Ladies Blanche and Psyche.

FLOR. Psyche?—oh!

My sister, who was wed three years ago
To some nob here ?

HOST. Death has of him bereft her,
But, to make up for such a loss, he's left her
Three castles, and I don't know what in stocks.

CYRIL. Oh, how my heart against my bosom knocks ! (*Rising*)
We *must* get on, we *must* ! I've long been hard up,
But never hoped to turn such a trump card up.
Florian, I love your sister to distraction !

FLOR. What, do you know her ?

CYRIL. No more words, but action !
It *must* be managed some way.

(*He walks about, musing.*)

Boys, I've hit it !

Let's dress like girls, and try to get admitted
As freshmen—no, freshwomen—in their college.

PRINCE. I fear we're rusty in our classic knowledge ;
They're sure to pluck us for matriculation.

CYRIL. Bosh ! I'll pass any *girl's* examination ;
Amo, amas, amabo ; what but that ?

So now, old host, you great unwieldy fat
Beer-barrel, move your lazy paunch about,
Fetch your old wife, and let her rig us out
In dress-improvers, folderols and things.

FLOR. Dirt-sweeping trains, and necklaces, and rings.

PRINCE. And braided locks, and fragrant wreaths of roses.

CYRIL. And high-heeled boots, to tip us on our noses.

PRINCE. And belts with amber studs, and golden clasps.

CYRIL. And stays to squeegle us in two, like wasps.

(*Exit Host.*)

FLOR. In fact, we want to look like the three Graces.

CYRIL. And we'll put on such pretty simpering faces.

ALL. Yes ; such pretty simpering faces—such pretty simpering faces !

(*Re-enter Host with his wife, carrying a basket containing articles of female dress, which Prince, Florian, and Cyril put on any way : then sing, dancing grotesquely between the verses.*)

[(Song.)

We are the three sweet Graces,
 With our pretty simpering faces ;
 As thus we turn and twist us,
 No heart can e'er resist us,—
 The three Parisian Graces,
 With our pretty simpering faces.

Those Graces poets praise, sir,
 Might do in those old days, sir ;
 But very scant and queer
 Would their dresses now appear :
 Oh, they dare not show their faces
 Among fashionable Graces !

But, with bustles sticking out, sir,
 And with waists a span about, sir,
 And with skirts so tight and small, sir,
 We can hardly go at all, sir,—
 Oh, we are the three Graces,
 With our pretty simpering faces.

"WE ARE THE THREE SWEET GRACES."

Allegro. ♩ = 126.

J. S.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, starting with a dotted half note followed by six eighth notes. The middle staff is for the alto voice, featuring eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff is for the bassoon, showing sustained notes and some harmonic markings. The key signature is A major (two sharps), and the time signature is common time (indicated by a '4'). The tempo is Allegro, with a note value of ♩ = 126.

are the three sweet Gra - ces, With our pret - ty sim - p'ring

fa - ces; As thus we turn and twist us, No heart can e'er re-

sist us,—Oh, the three Pa - ri - sian Gra - ces, With our
rall.

pret - ty simp'ring fa - ces.

After 3rd verse.

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.

(A Hall in the Ladies' University. On a dais, Ida, Blanche, and Psyche, seated, fashionably dressed, and wearing over their dresses bright-coloured gowns and hoods; also coloured trencher-caps. On each side of the dais two Proctresses, seated, also with coloured academical costume over their ladies' dresses. Other ladies of the University on each side of the hall, in variously-coloured academical costumes. Behind Ida's chair, or

elsewhere, two female lictors, carrying ancient Roman fasces. At one side of the stage a table, with pens, inkstand, and a large book upon it.)

A MISTRESS OF ARTS. Mrs. Warden and Proctoresses, I am desired

To say that three ladies from the northern parts,
Having complied with all conditions by the University
required,

Pray to be admitted students in the faculty of Arts.

IDA. Placetne vobis, dominæ Doctores? Placetne vobis,
Magistræ?

ANSWER. Placet.

(Enter Prince, Florian, and Cyril, dressed as girls, ushered in by
a Bedel.)

IDA. Dear fellow-sufferers from the tyranny
Of men, miscalled our lords, we bid you welcome.
Much we rejoice that you have burst the bonds
Of custom, and by noble rage inspired,
Seek, through high culture and philosophy,
Your true position in the scale of things.
From the far North you come, and from a court
We know of. 'Tis an idle question—but
Know ye the Prince of that benighted land?

FLOR. Aye, madam, well we know him: he is one
Whom all tongues praise: and, if I may be bold
To name one thing that lifts him far above
The common herd of men—he worships you,
Raves for his Ida, babbles of her love
In most admired distraction.

IDA. Peace, vain fool!
We little thought in our own halls to hear
Such barren verbiage. As an antidote,
Good Lady Proctor, let them hear the statutes!

A PROCTORESS (*reading from the book on the table*):

All ladies on their entrance shall subscribe
To these conditions: First, to keep their terms
Three years at least; Second, to see no man

In all that time, nor correspond with any ;
 Third, to peruse no novels about love,
 Nor sing love-songs ; Fourth, to forsake with scorn
 Unintellectual employments, such as
 Knitting, embroidery, mending, stitching, darning—
 Drudgery only fit for stupid boys—

PRINCE. Enough! we'll sign them all, and ask no questions.
 FLOR. No fear of our transgressing that last clause.

(*They sign the statutes.*)

PRINCE. Thus signing, have we entered Paradise.

CYRIL. I wish we were well out of it. (*Aside.*)

IDA. We'll now
 Test your acquirements. Learned Professor Psyche,
 Try them in metaphysics.

PSYCHE. Pray define
Subject and *object*.

CYRIL. That's a stumper! (*Aside.*)

PRINCE. *Subject*
 Denotes a man's relation to his wife,
 Her *object* being to keep him always so.

CYRIL. It's just like riddles ; not a bit like lessons.

BLAN. I'll try you next in Latin. Say a verb.

PRINCE. Amo, I love.

FLOR. Amas, thou lovest.

CYRIL. Amat, he loves.

PRINCE. Amamus, we love.

FLOR. Amatis, do ye love ?

(*Turning to the ladies.*)

PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL. Amabant, they will love.

BLAN. Well conjugated ; but the word ill-chosen :
 Amo is banished from our accidence.

FLOR. I fear it will get in again : you cannot
 Get rid of such an old familiar word.

PSYCHE. And now for mathematics. What's a circle ?

FLOR. A circle's that in which a lady argues.

IDA. Good ! for a circle's the most perfect form.

PSYCHE. A point ?

CYRIL. That's what the lady never sees.

IDA. True : for a point is that which hath no parts,
And therefore can't be seen. Your views are sound :
Not like the book quite, but original,
And therefore suiting best our soaring souls,
That scorn the beaten tracks laid down by man.
These are your fellow-students, girls, attired,
Not as mere men would dress them, like black crows,
But with a view to taste and harmony,
Instructively symbolical, suggestive
Of cosmic chords. You will be robed in green,
Being fresh, and therefore verdant.

BLAN. (*Giving them caps and gowns*) Take your robes,
Which you'll arrange before the looking-glass
Becomingly ; but not before you've heard
The lecturer on *Cosmetical æsthetics*.

IDA. Girls, form yourselves in class : Professor Psyche
Will lecture on the Higher Mathematics.

(*A black board on an easel is brought forward : on the board the figure of Euclid I. 5 is drawn in chalk, to which Psyche points with a rod, or her fan.*)

PSYCHE. My pupils here behold before 'em
The Donkey's Bridge—Pons Asinorum—
So called by men, since never yet
Across it could the donkeys get.
But we will now pursue
A course entirely new :
Instead of demonstrations long,
Which may be right, or may be wrong,
We'll jump across it with a song.

(*Round, to the tune of "Three Blind Mice."* Ida, Blanche, and Psyche take the first part ; two groups of students the second and third parts.)

I. { IDA, BLAN. and PSYCHE. Don't you see? Don't you see? Don't you see?
{ 2nd and 3rd GROUPS. Yes, we see. Yes, we see. Yes, we see.

II. A.B.C., F.E.B., G.B.C.

III. { The thing is as plain as the nose on your face ;
 { So over the bridge at a galloping pace :
 { You donkeys of men, we are winning the race. For—

(A bell rings.)

IDA. Hark to the chapel-bell : proceed in order,
 The Bedel first, the students two and two.

(Procession, led by the Bedel. Prince, Florian, and Cyril go last.)

FLOR. Let's stay behind : we'll say we lost our way.
 Why, this is better than a Christmas play !

CYRIL. Those doctors ! Oh, to hear those doctors spout !
 I almost spoilt it all by laughing out.

PRINCE. What genius they displayed ! Alas that she
 Should be so 'cute : she'll scorn a dunce like me.

FLOR. For me, one thought completely overthrew me ;
 I'm almost sure my sister Psyche knew me.

CYRIL. Florian, your sister is a stunning lass.

FLOR. But, if she did, we're in a pretty pass.

CYRIL. Oh, we'll get out of it.

FLOR. She comes !

CYRIL. My eye !

(Enter Psyche, hurriedly.)

PSYCHE. Florian ?

FLOR. Psyche !

PSYCHE. Is it you ?

FLOR. It's I.

PSYCHE. But who are these ?

FLOR. This is the Prince.

PSYCHE. And he ?

FLOR. Cyril, my friend.

PSYCHE. Oh ! goodness gracious me !

Death—daggers—fury ! What is it all about ?

Do cut your sticks before she finds you out !

PRINCE. What ? leave the blue-eyed maid Athene ?—No !

FLOR. In for a penny, in for a pound, you know.

PSYCHE. It is no time for joking : if you stay,
 I must inform.

FLOR. What then ?

PSYCHE.

Death !

FLOR.

Lackaday !

You'll spare a *brother's* life.

PSYCHE.

Medea slew

Her children !

CYRIL (*to Florian*). This fraternal dodge won't do :*I'll try*—to me no girl can make resistance—

Bewitching Doctor !

PSYCHE.

Sirrah, keep your distance !

What ! think ye still, by tricks of male flirtation,
To circumvent the sovereigns of creation ?

PRINCE. Sovereigns, methinks, should be compassionate.

PSYCHE. To sneaking wolves disguised ? No ! sure as fate
I will delate you ; all compassion smother,
Like Roman matron, or like Spartan mother.
My vow requires it.

PRINCE.

But you broke it when

You first addressed us, knowing us for men.

PSYCHE. I care not—I'll delate you—you must die !

FLOR. Yes, *gentle* sister : hang us up on high,
Strangled in ladies' garters : if you choose,
Stab us with hair-pins ; or with high-heeled shoes
Hammer our brains out : bury us, when dead,
In your rose-garden : write above my head,
“ Here lies a brother, whom a sister slew,
Because she'd grown so mercilessly blue.”*(Psyche walks about, alternately clenching her hand and putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Suddenly she rushes to Florian, and throws her arms about his neck.)*

PSYCHE. Florian, my brother !

(Enter Melissa from behind a scene.)

Melissa, little wretch !

Are you eavesdropping ?

MELIS. Oh, I came to fetch
A book, and so I hid behind the screen ;
You seemed so angry.

PSYCHE. Then you've heard and seen,
And you will tell your mother.

MELIS. O no, no !
Not for the world !

PSYCHE. She'll pump it from you, though.
(*She turns to Florian, leaving Melissa in tears.*)

I wish to screen you ; but this little brat
Has a mamma who is a regular cat :
The lady Blanche—you saw her ?—

PRINCE. What the dickens !
I thought you were a nest of doves, or chickens,
And yet you call your colleague cat !

PSYCHE. I hate her,
A sneaking, scheming, superficial prater.
The head she toadies, and has ever tried
To get those muffs of students on her side.
She'll find it out, and ruin us.

PRINCE. I'm sure
Melissa won't tell tales. (*Stroking Melissa's head.*)

PSYCHE. She looks demure ;
But I don't trust her. Cut at once, and run !

FLOR. Oh no ! we cannot leave such awful fun.
Do let us stay, and see what morning brings.

PSYCHE. You'll rue it.

CYRIL. I don't like the look of things.
(*Scene closes.*)

S C E N E III.

A garden represented by means of plants placed about the stage, or otherwise. At the further end of the stage a green bank.

(*Blanche and Melissa discovered.*)

BLAN. Then you were there, when Psyche, yesterday,
Was closeted with those three creatures—ch ?

MELIS. I was, mamma.

BLAN. What secrets did you hear ?

MELIS. Nothing to speak of.

BLAN. Tell the truth, my dear.

I'm sure there's something wrong about the louts :
Girls !—more like men ! You blush: I have my doubts
That they are men, and that you know it.

MELIS. Oh !

Mamma ! Hush ! here they come !

BLAN. Well, time will show.

I'll keep eyes open.

(Enter ladies of the University, walking two-and-two ; Ida with the Prince ; Psyche with Cyril. Florian follows alone. Blanche rushes to him.)

BLAN. Interesting friend,
This hour of recreation well may lend
Occasion for an interchange of soul
Between us : as magnetic pole to pole
I feel drawn towards you.

FLOR. Oh, you are *too* kind.

(Blanche and Florian pass on together. Ida and the Prince come to the front.)

IDA. Yes, without doubt, our sex is more refined,
More tender, more instinctively acute,
Farther removed above the state of brute
With which our race began ; in fact designed
For rule, man being to us as matter is to mind.

PRINCE. Your arguments convince me. Yet, you see,
Men must have some place in the world to be.

IDA. Yes, we shall want them : not to spoon like gabies,
But do our hair, darn stockings, nurse the babies,
Transcribe our works, run errands, parcels carry,
Or some of us, perchance, might wish to marry.

PRINCE. Then *we* the question pop ?

IDA. Distinctly so.

PRINCE. Will they be able to refuse ?

IDA. Oh no !

PRINCE. Delightful prospect, which would all come true,
Were all the ladies in the world like you !

(*They pass on. Blanche and Florian come to the front.*)

BLAN. No, don't trust Psyche : she's a hollow sham,
Though plausible—not gifted, as I am,
To sound the deep abysses of consciousness.

FLOR. Your learning quite astounds me, I confess.

(*They pass on. Psyche and Cyril come to the front.*)

PSYCHE. She's watching us : don't stride so like a man :
Do as the other girls do, if you can.

CYRIL. Then I must put my arms about your waist :
These fondling ways of girls quite suit my taste.

PSYCHE. Dreadful ! But I suppose you must. What folly
You have committed !

CYRIL. Never mind : it's jolly.

(*They pass on. Ida and Prince come again to the front.*)

PRINCE. I think I see it all—suppose we act
A scene for fun. Imagine me, in fact,
Some man you chose to wed.

IDA. I'd simply say,
"Sir, if your dear mamma consents, you may
Be blest beyond your hopes : it is my pleasure
To marry you." Then, happy above measure,
My future slave would kiss my well-gloved hand.

PRINCE. What thus ?—and thus ?—and thus ?—I understand.

(*Kissing her hand repeatedly.*)

IDA. Why, chit, you act as if the thing were real
Instead of mere ridiculous ideal :
You must be used to acting.

(*They pass on. Blanche and Florian come to the front.*)

BLAN. How those two
Are going on ! I'm quite amazed—arent you ?

FLOR. Acting love-scenes, I think. Are you inclined
To try one too, just to unbend the mind ?

BLAN. Young person, know your place !

FLOR. I beg your pardon.
Pray take one more turn round this classic garden.

(*They pass on.*)

IDA (*standing on the bank*). Ladies, we have peripatized enough
For recreating the corporeal stuff
In which the mind resides. We'll now recline,
Feasting our souls with music and with wine.
And let that sedative for brains o'erwrought,
By men too long monopolised, be brought.

(*They all sit or recline on the ground, so as to form a semicircle, Ida in the centre. Flagons, etc., brought in, and cigars, which are handed round. The ladies drink, and light their cigars.*)

IDA. I fear you cannot smoke yet.

CYRIL. Yes, we can,
Like chimneys.

PRINCE. Don't! She'll twig you are a man.
(*Aside.*)

IDA. And can you fence? Are you crack pistol-shots?—
Good rifle-women? Sad that fate allots
Such arms to our soft hands, my gentle friends;
But, if we *must* fight ere the struggle ends
For freedom and for sovereignty, we must:
Yea, though ten thousand warriors bite the dust.

BLAN. So in the days to come the strong male hand
Shall fight our battles; we the hosts command,
And on some height, like goddesses of war,
Smiling survey the carnage from afar.

PRINCE. Your sentiments are very fine, no doubt;
But, I confess, they turn me inside out.

CYRIL. But oh, what fun to see the whiskered faces
Of swell Life-Guardsmen, with their airs and graces,
Reduced to privates, while some lady bellows
Her shrill "Attention!" to the humbled fellows!

IDA. We'll bring them all down to their proper station.
But now, to pass this hour of recreation,
Let's soothe our souls with song: no maundering lays,
But something warlike: sing the Marscillaise.

(“*La Marscillaise*” sung. At the words, “*Marchons, marchons*,” they rise, brandish their daggers, and march forward; then again sit down.)

CYRIL. (drinking) Hurrah, my lads! Stand up and fill your glasses,

To drink the health of these sweet warlike lasses.

BLAN. “My lads?” and “drink our healths”? Why, what means this?

CYRIL. Oh dear! I quite forgot I was a miss,
I felt so roused by that blood-thirsty chorus.

PRINCE. Cyril, keep still! You’re getting drunk—you’ll floor us. (*Aside.*)

It is a Northern custom, now and then, (*to Ida*)
For girls, in sport, to act the parts of men.

BLAN. Indeed! Rather improper, I should say.
And do your men ever act ladies, pray?

IDA. Don’t tease them, Blanche. I like these girls of spirit.

PSYCHE. (*To Prince*) You speak the truth, my dear: our girls inherit

The spirit of the Vikings of old time.

IDA. Ha! sing us, then, some old heroic rhyme.

CYRIL. Oh yes! A song to make your fringes bristle.
But first, another draught to wet my whistle.

(*He drinks, and then sings.*)

(*Song, from “The Tempest.”*)

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, “Go hang!”
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

Song.

“THE MASTER, THE SWABBER.”

With spirit. ♩ = 100.

J. S.

A musical score for a song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, the middle staff is for the bass clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bassoon or double bass. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The tempo is indicated as ♩ = 100. The vocal parts begin with eighth-note patterns, while the bassoon part features sustained notes and eighth-note chords.

The

A continuation of the musical score, showing the progression of the melody and harmonic structure across three staves. The vocal parts continue their eighth-note patterns, and the bassoon part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords.

mas - ter, the swabber, the boatswain and I, The gunner and his

The final section of the musical score, concluding the piece. The vocal parts and the bassoon part work together to provide a satisfying end to the composition.

mate, Lov'd Mall, Meg and Marian and Mar - ge - ry, But

none of us car'd for Kate— None of us car'd for

Kate. For she had a tongue with a tang, Would

dolce.

cry to a sailor "Go hang." Then to sea, boys, to

sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go hang! Then to

rall.

sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

voce.

Chorus (unaccompanied).

Then to sea, boys, to sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go

hang ! Then to sea, boys, to sea, boys, to

Second time.

sea, boys, and let her go hang ! hang !

repeat pp

PRINCE (*rising angrily*) :

Cyril, upon my word, this is too bad :
You are not in a tavern now, my lad.
Is that a song for ladies' ears, you lou?

(*Striking him.*)

BLAN. They're men, they're men, they're men ! the murder's
out !

And—Psyche knew it all the time. Oh ! oh ! (*Exit.*)

(*All the other ladies, except Ida and Psyche, fly in confusion.*)

IDA. What ! are the cowards fled ? Well, let them go :
We well can deal with these three things alone.
Ho ! Lictors, enter ! (*Enter Lictors.*) Let these dogs
be thrown

Into a dungeon, without food or fire :
Send to the village for their male attire.
To-morrow, early, we will sit in state,
And doom them to their miserable fate.

(*Exeunt Prince, Florian, and Cyril, guarded by Lictors. Ida follows, with her dagger drawn ; Psyche weeping.*)

SCENE IV.

(*A Hall in the University, with ladies arranged as at the opening of Scene II.*)

IDA. It is our painful duty to enforce
The laws of Draco—which are ours. We must
Crush out at once these worms, whose wriggling
entrance

Would blight the tree of our prodigious purpose.

PSYCHE. Let us be merciful.

IDA. Ha ! Merciful,
Say you, my Lady Psyche ? Much we fear
That you yourself are not exempt from blame ;
Nor even you, my Lady Blanche.

BLAN.

Good gracious !

I? Then that viper Psyche must have crammed
Your ears with lies.

IDA.

Peace! Bring the prisoners in.

(*Prince, Florian, and Cyril, in their own clothes, and bound, are brought in by the Lictors.*)

IDA.

Prisoners, your crime confess, there is no need
Of legal forms : yet, being merciful,
We grant you speech, if ye have aught to say
In mitigation of deserved doom.

PRINCE.

Princess, or Very Reverend Doctoress,—
How shall I call you?—hear my simple plea.
I was betrothed to you in youth ; you broke
Your contract ; I, meanwhile, was mad with love
For you, unseen as yet ; one only way
Remained to see you ; being seen, your presence
Quite overtopped my most impassioned dreams.
Spare us, and we will live your satellites,
Aiding your grand designs ; which I admire,
Though my male intellect is all at fault
To comprehend them.

IDA.

Thus I answer you :

“ You have done well, and like a gentleman,
“ And like a prince ! You wasps in our good hive !
“ Well have you done, and like a gentleman !
“ I wed with thee ? No, not though all the gold
“ That veins the world were packed to make your crown.
“ I trample on your offers, and on you :
“ Your presence and your suit are hateful to me.”
How say you, ladies ? Is there any cause
Why these three caterpillars should not die ?

PSYCHE.

Madam, I must confess to a revulsion
Of feeling, and would vote for mere expulsion.

BLAN.

Expulsion ? Yes ! and you, of course, will go
In the same boat—for Cyril’s sake, you know.
Poor boy, he’ll feel so anxious for your pardon,
After that sad flirtation in the garden.

IDA. Ladies, what do I hear ?

PSYCHE. You hear a viper,
Who knew all, and wants *me* to pay the piper.

BLAN. *I* knew ? How so ?

PSYCHE. That little tell-tale-tit,
Melissa, peached.

MELIS. I'm not to blame a bit.
I heard you, but I did not tell mamma.

PRINCE. I'm sure Melissa's not to blame.

CYRIL. Hurrah !
Our prospects brighten, now these gentle Graces
Stick their sweet claws into each other's faces.
You'd better give it up ; you're sure to squabble :
Your edifice already seems to wobble.

BLAN. Why, what buffoon is this, dear Psyche ?—bless him !—
Pray, madam, spare him for *her* sake, and dress him
In cap and bells, that, when our studies bore us,
He may be called to play the fool before us.

FLOR. One word, fair Princess. Though your heart be steeled,
Through shallow theory and a wild ambition,
To all your sex's native tenderness,
Yet count the cost. His Highness has a father—
Olaf, the King—no Southern weakling he ;
Nor will he stint revenge, should murder crown
(Allow plain-spoken words) your broken vow.

IDA. Ha ! sir, you think us cowards : nay, I, too,
Am royal. Let the Northern ruffian come !
There are will fight for us : if not, why so—
We, too, can kill, or die.

PRINCE. Florian, no more !
I have no right to live, if Ida wills
My death : yet, O sweet sovereign of my fate !
Pardon my vain presumption ere I die.

FLOR. She melts at last.

CYRIL. Not she !

(*Trumpets outside.*)

- IDA. Ha ! what rude blare
 Is this that frights our classic glades, and stays
 The hand of Justice in her even course ?
(Enter the Kings, Olaf and Gama, with soldiers.)
- OLAF. Where is my son ? What, safe and sound ! That's
 lucky !
 Off with these manacles !
- GAMA. Hallo ! my ducky,
 What in the name of Fortune are you after ?
 Your pranks are getting past a case for laughter.
 You, too, papa ?
- GAMA. When you broke off the match
 With this young man, who was a regular catch,
That nearly drove me mad. But then you coaxed me ;—
 The little slyboots, I half think she hoaxed me.
 Then with your college, too, I was content :
 I've not the least idea, though, what it meant :
 It seemed a harmless joke ; but, kill a prince !
 That's past a joke : it well may make me wince :
 I dreamt not of your running such a rig,
 And I won't join you in so wild a jig.
- OLAF. I'll tell you—this love-stricken fool slipped away,
 Without my permission, to bring you to bay.
 I feared the result, so I mustered my army,
 And followed, to find out a method to charm ye.
 I arrived, and the state of things came to my know-
 ledge :
 I vowed I'd blow up your ridiculous college ;
 So I planted my cannon, when, just in the nick
 Of time comes your father—a regular brick !
 Says I, " Will you fight ? " " No," says he, " not a bit
 on't ;
 My daughter's engaged, and she shall not be quit on't."
 So we settled the hash o'er a gallon of beer,
 And we mean you to marry my son—do you hear ?
- IDA. Indeed ! Assigned to him, in way of sale
 By two old fogies o'er a pot of ale !

Why, sirs, you treat me like an Indian squaw !
 Why are you silent, ladies ? Rise, and draw
 Your daggers !

PSYCHE. Really, to tell the truth,

I think you might have pity on the youth.

IDA. Treachress, whom once I trusted ! Blanche, speak you.

BLAN. Defy them, madam : that's my steadfast view.

As for poor Psyche's sentimental twaddle,
 The fool's in love, and that has turned her noddle.

FLOR. (*Aside to Blanche*) :

Fair Cruelty, the lightning of your eye
 Forestalls the headsman's axe : here let me die
 Content ; unless you bid me live to be
 The lifelong champion of your sovereignty,
 Drinking your sapience.

BLAN. Are you in earnest ?

FLOR. Oh !

So earnest !

BLAN. (*aside*) He adores me !

FLOR. Don't say no,

Erudite angel !

BLAN. (*to Ida*) On maturer thought,

Seeing that things to such a pass are brought,
 It strikes me, ma'am, you might make some concession,
 And take this love-sick creature in possession.

IDA. My last prop fails me : what is left me, when

My very chiefs capitulate to men ?

Well, carry out the farce, so well begun,
 E'en to its bitter end.

OLAF. The game is won !

Hurrah, my boy ! (*to Prince.*) Shake hands, my good
 old friend (*to Gama*).

She'll have him.

PRINCE. Lovely Ida, is the end
 So bitter ? Let me try to make it sweet.

IDA. Oh, am I on my head, or on my feet ?

(*She falls into his arms.*)

CYRIL. (*to Psyche*) The Prince being pardoned, may I be so bold,
As hope you may not leave *me* in the cold?

PSYCHE. Well, I suppose I cannot help it now;
But you'll obey me?

CYRIL. Thus I seal my vow.

(*Kissing her hand.*)

(*Florian approaches Blanche.*)

BLAN. Nay, keep your place: 'tis not for men to woo
In the new scheme of things. I pity you,
And take you for my servant: kiss my hand:
Nay, kneel.

FLOR. I yield me to your sweet command.

(*He kneels, and kisses her hand.*)

GAMA. Now all's made up. Ladies, have no misgiving:
They'll prove the most obedient husbands living.

BLAN. (*to Florian, who puts his arm around her waist*) Sir, keep
your distance. (*She raps his head with her fan.*)

OLAF. Ha! my boy, you've caught it.
Bless us, how grand she looks! Who would have
thought it?

GAMA. Oh, she'll come to: *he'll* smooth her feathers soon:
Wait till the ending of the honeymoon.

PRINCE. Love will smooth everything. I have no fear
Of my fair sovereign, now her brain is clear
Of cobwebs, and her true heart beats again.
But, dearest, by your leave, since words are vain,
Let us express, in bass and treble chorus,
The blended music of the life before us.

(*Song, "Il Carnovale."*—ROSSINI. NOVELLO.)

(*The men and ladies arrange themselves on opposite sides of the stage.*)

(*Chorus of ladies.*)

When we ladies, in our blindness,
For a time forgot our kindness,
All agog for liberation,
Women's rights and botheration,
O how sad!

(*Chorus of men.*)

When at last you showed compassion
In the old delightful fashion,
Glad were we to own our duty
To the empire of your beauty,
O how glad !

(*The ladies and men join hands, and sing together.*)

Now we're happy lovers singing,
To the winds all nonsense flinging,
All our song is love, love, love.

Come, show your charity, come, show your charity,
By your approval of our little play.
Holiday's passing, holiday's passing,
Holiday's passing away !

RUMPLESTILTSKIN.

Dramatis Personæ.

JOE, *the Miller.*

JOAN, *Miller's Wife.*

BETSY JANE, *Miller's Eldest Daughter.*

NANCIBELL, *Miller's Second Daughter.*

THE KING.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

PRIME MINISTER'S LADY.

LADY HELEN, *Prime Minister's Daughter.*

THE COUNTESS.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN.

LITTLE RUMPLE, *his Son.*

MRS. RUMPLE, *his Wife.*

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

NURSE, ELVES, AND FAIRIES.

Overture ... "Son and Stranger." ... Mendelssohn (NOVELLO).

SCENE I.

(*A room in the Miller's house. Sacks, and other things suggestive of a Mill. Miller discovered, sitting at a table, with tankard and long clay.*)

(*Miller sings.*)

"There was a jolly miller once
Lived by the river Dee,"
etc., etc.

(*"Old English Ditties"—MACFARREN (CRAMER, BEALE & CO.)*
(*He yawns, stretches himself, tries the tankard, and finds it empty.*)

Bother! it's empty! Not a drop! My eye!
How flour and singing make a fellow dry!
Wife! Hang the jade—where is she?

(*Enter Miller's Wife, sternly. His manner changes to obsequiousness.*)

Joan, my dear,

Just fetch me up another pot o' beer.

JOAN. Another pot o' beer, he says. No, Joe!
Not if I knows it.

MILLER. (*Coaxingly*) Just a pint or so,
Chucky!

JOAN. Chuck, chucky! You shan't chucky me;
And luckily I've got the cellar key.

(*She pulls a large key out of her pocket, and raps his head with it. He rubs his head, retiring.*)

MILLER. Wife, wife, I say! I wish you'd use me well:
You're all unkind to me but Nancibell.

JOAN. Your Nancibell ! You're both birds of one feather :
It's Betsy Jane and me that keeps the house together.

(Enter Betsy Jane, mending a sack.)

Here comes my Betsy—always hard at work :—
Betsy, your pa has used me like a Turk.

BETSY. Oh, fayther, what a shame to treat mamma so !

JOAN. If ever women were made slaves, we are so.

MILLER. What have I done ? I only asked for beer :—
Ha ! here comes Nancibell, the little dear :

(Enter Nancibell, reading.)

She never bullies me ; she'll take my part.

NANCI. Yes, that I will, old dad, with all my heart.

JOAN. Oh, yes, she'll take your part ; that's just her way ;

BETSY. Idling, and reading novels all the day ;

JOAN. She never sews a stitch, or spins a thread ;

BETSY. And lets me mend the sacks and bake the bread.

NANCI. I tell you, Betsy Jane, you vinegar-cruet,
I hate all work, and I don't mean to do it.

MILLER. Aye, that's my lass !—she's born to be a lady ;
She'll wed a lord some day.

BETSY. Her chance is shady.

NANCI. Better than *your's*, Bet. But, I say, look here—
Why shouldn't daddy have his pipe and beer ?
Dad, if I e'er get married, as you say,
You'll live with me, and sleep and smoke all day.

MILLER. Why, that's a dutiful and darling daughter !

BETSY. Dreadful, mamma.

JOAN. What notions he has taught her !
If she gets married, it shall be in rags ;
For well you know, *I* keep the money-bags.

(A horn heard without.)

NANCI. Hush ! What's that sound ?

MILLER. A horn !

JOAN.

Oh ! I dare say

Some trashy sportsmen that have lost their way.

(Enter King and Prime Minister, in hunting dresses,
bespattered with mud.)

MILLER. Your servant, gentlemen ; you're welcome freely.

(Aside) Wife, do receive these stranger chaps genteely.

(Miller and Nancibell set them chairs, take their
hats, etc. Joan stands aloof with arms akimbo ;
Betsy Jane stitches her sack furiously.)

P. MIN. (to Miller) Oh, thank you, sir !

KING. (to Nancibell) You, too, my little duck !

(Nancibell curtseys.)

MILLER. Sportsmen, I see, sir. Have you had good luck ?

KING. Very good luck in finding such a daughter

(bowing to Nancibell)

Of such a miller (bowing to Miller). Why, I should
have thought her

A princess in disguise.

NANCI. (Curtseying) O sir !

(King rises and takes her hand. Joan, whom the
Miller tries in vain to restrain, pulls Nancibell
away, and confronts the King.)

JOAN. Clodhopper !

BETSY. Oh, Nancibell, your conduct's most improper !

JOAN. And who may you be, pray ? My girls shall rue,
If they demean themselves to such as you.(She stands looking at the King defiantly, who
whispers and smiles with the Prime Minister.)NANCI. (Aside to Miller) Daddy, do try to stop her. I can tell
What's wheat or chaff :—this is some thund'ring swell.

KING. Good madam, no such thought was in my head.

P. MIN. But could you oblige us with a crust of bread ?

JOAN. No, sir ! I've nothing in the house to-day.

BETSY. There's been too many tramps of late this way.

NANCI. (*Aside to Miller*) Father, I've got a key that opens handy

The closet where she keeps the cake and brandy.

MILLER. Go, fetch it.

(*Exit Nancibell.*)

KING. Really, ma'am !

JOAN. Young man, I say,

There is the door ; how long d' you mean to stay ?

(*Miller meanwhile stamps about, working himself into a rage.*)

MILLER. Bother !—she must not go on in this fashion !—

Wait till I've worked myself into a passion.

Wife, you behave genteel ; or I'll compel you !

No words !—my monkey's up. Sit down, I tell you !

(*He forces her into a chair.*)

BETSY. O fayther, fayther ! Shameful !

MILLER. Silence, miss !

JOAN. Oh, won't I pay you out to-night for this !

BETSY. It's no use now against the hair to rub him.

JOAN. Wait till he's cool again, and won't we snub him ?

(*In the meantime Nancibell returns with cake and brandy*

She and Miller serve the gentlemen politely.)

KING. This is refreshing now.

P. MIN. Delicious brandy !

KING. And your dear daughter's sweet as sugar-candy.

NANCI. O sir ! (*curtseying*).

MILLER. Indeed, sir, though I say't 'at shouldn't,
If I should try to tell her worth, I couldn't.

P. MIN. And I'll be bound she's useful as she's pretty.

MILLER. Indeed, she works so hard it's quite a pity ;—
Up soon, up late, for ever at her spinning ;
I tell you she's a lass that's worth the winning !

KING. Spins silk, eh ?

MILLER. Sir, you'll wonder when you're told ;—
This lass o' mine can *spin straw into gold* !

KING. Straw into gold ?

NANCI. Don't, father !

MILLER. It sounds queer ;
But it's as true as I am standing here.

KING (*to P. Minister*) I say, a girl like this would be a catch :
I'm half inclined for a romantic match !

P. MIN. Yes, she'd be useful ; but—it's going far—
To marry a snob, sir.

KING (*decidedly*) Tell 'em who we are.

P. MIN. (*to Miller*) Good man, you've had an honour unsuspected ;—

This is the King !

NANCI. (*Aside*) Better than I expected !

(*Miller stands aghast. Joan and Betsy Jane start up in great alarm.*)

JOAN. Oh, Betsy Jane ! how woful we're mistaken !

BETSY. Oh, mother ! we shall all be hanged like bacon !—
Say something.

JOAN (*approaching King*) Great sir, pardon, if you can,
The familiarities of my vulgar man !
As for myself—I'm very dull of sight,
And couldn't make you out in that cross light.

MILLER. Well, that's a good 'un !

P. MIN. Don't stand bothering there,
You pinched-up vixen, and you old grey mare !

(*Joan and Betsy Jane retire alarmed, and stand shivering.*)

KING. Come—here's the point, my friend :—I'm short of money,
Your daughter, too, is sweeter than fresh honey ;
If she can spin gold, as you say—I'll marry her.
Look, sir (*to Prime Minister*) to-morrow to the court
you'll carry her :
We'll try her :—it's a bargain.

- MILLER. Ere we close it,
 Suppose she can't—she can—but just suppose it ;—
 What then ?
- P. MIN. What then, you rustic ? Can't you guess ?
 You'll all be hanged.
- MILLER. Oh ! hanged ? Of course—Oh, yes !
 (*Exeunt King and Prime Minister.*)
- MILLER. I think we're in for it.
- JOAN. And, pray, whose fault,
 You daffling, babbling, bragging, lying dolt ?
- NANCI. Mother, it ain't his fault : you're quite mistaken ;
 'Twas his ingenious lie that saved your bacon.
 You'd have been hanged for sauce, had he not told
 That precious cram about my spinning gold.
- BETSY. Oh, fayther !
- MILLER. Don't go at me both together :
 I've no pluck left—you'd fell me with a feather.
 (*Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.

*A Room in the Palace.**Prime Minister, his Lady, and Lady Helen discovered.*

- LADY. A pretty mess you've made of it, my dear, I do declare !
 All our poor Helen's prospects now are melting into air.
 The King would never have made such a fool of him-
 self, had I been there.
- P. MIN. My love, I do assure you that you could not have pre-
 vented him ;
 The girl was such a dodger, she completely circum-
 vented him ;
 And so sharp that, ere I told his rank, I half believe she
 scented him.

LADY. Stupid! you could have stopped him somehow, had you not been muzzy.

I cannot bear to think of her, the little brazen huzzy !
Oh, my poor child, your father doesn't care for you ! now, does he ?

HELEN. D'you mean the King won't marry me ? Dear mother, if that's it,

Pray set your mind at ease : I never cared for him a bit.

LADY. And who cares whether you do or not ? Ungrateful puss, what mean you !

When I've been scheming night and day to make my girl a queen, you

Say you don't care ! Oh, deary me ! You'll break my heart between you !

P. MIN. My dear, don't give up all for lost. The thing is still to try,

Whether she can spin gold or not,—the man p'rhaps told a lie :

And if she can't, why then, as soon as she's been nicely gibbeted—

LADY. Delightful thought !

P. MIN. Then's just the time for skill to be exhibited. For the King, being huffed, will be just in the mood—if we but manage neatly—

To marry any girl at once who plays her cards discreetly.

LADY. There's comfort yet. And so, my child, I earnestly request,

That you to please his Majesty will do your very best. Say as he says—laugh at his jokes—seem lost in admiration ;

Cast down your eyes—then lift them up with tender
veneration ;

Keep meeting him, as if by chance ; and, if he takes
your hand,

Then press it *very* gently, in a way he'll understand.

P. MIN. But not *too* hard, you know, my dear ; for forwardness
might floor you——

LADY. Don't meddle with what you don't understand, wise-
acre, I implore you.

P. MIN. I'm sure she'll practise all the arts you have so wisely
taught her.

HELEN. Oh yes, papa, I'll do my best to floor the miller's
daughter.

(Enter Countess, hurriedly.)

COUN. Your ladyship has heard this news about the King ?
I never !

Poor Helen !——

LADY and P. MIN. Why 'Poor Helen,' pray ? Dear Countess
have you ever

Supposed that *we* had formed designs——

COUN. Oh, certainly not *I*.
But, really, such absurd reports about the Court *do* fly.

LADY. You know, dear friend, *I never* scheme——

COUN. So *I* have *always* stated ;
But, really, in this dreadful case we *all* are complicated.
For if these kings of liberal views thus contravene
propriety,

They'll sap the very basis of all civilized society.

P. MIN. His Majesty !

(Enter King. They assume respectful attitudes.)

LADY. (to Helen, aside) Take care you mind your P's and Q's,
my dear.

KING. What is't o'clock? Are those folks come?

P. MIN. My liege, they all are here.

KING. Go, bring 'em in.

(Exit Prime Minister. King walks about.)

LADY. Child, keep in sight! (pushing her forward.)

HELEN. Ahem!

KING. Hallo, my pretty!

You little sugar-plum!

HELEN. He! he! Your Majesty's so witty!

KING. Madam, your daughter's a good girl; and I have form'd
a notion

Of giving her without delay a very great promotion.

LADY. Your Majesty's so good! (nudging Helen.)

HELEN. Too good!

KING. D'you know? I've found a treasure
In a miller's daughter. Fancy!

LADY. O my liege, it is your pleasure
To jest! A miller's?

KING. Yes, i' faith! I've set my heart upon her;
And I intend this girl of yours to be her maid of
honour.

LADY. Oh!

KING. Yes, I do, upon my word. Why, arn't you pleased
to know it?

HELEN. Oh yes, we're deeply grateful, sir.

KING. You hardly seem to show it.

COUN. 'Tis that the honour you propose so far exceeds their
dreams:

For well we know her ladyship is one *that never
schemes.*

(Enter Prime Minister, bringing in Miller and his family.)

LADY (to Helen, aside). What awful guys!

HELEN. Look at their hats!

LADY. Which is the minx, I wonder?

(They make awkward reverences. Miller goes up to King.)

MILLER. In this majestic presence here—

JOAN. Shut up! You're sure to blunder.

KING. Nay, let him speak.

MILLER. Indeed I will. I've got my speech by heart, sir ;
But this here wife o' mine she always wants to act my
part, sir.

In this majestic presence here, me and my wife and
childring

Stands—— Nance, what's next?

NANCI. And find—

MILLER. O yes!—And finds it most bewild'ring :
And so of us, we 'umbly begs, you will not make your
spoorts, sir,

Bein' unacquainted, all of us, wi' ?—

(Looks to Nancibell, who whispers, "Etiquette.")

Hettikets o' coorts, sir.

My daughter here, Miss Nancibell, she's come to take
her trial,—

That is, your Majesty, if so you won't take no denial.
But what I want to say is this : She's very nervous—
very ;

And mebbe she'll break down at first—so don't be in
a hurry.

And—if you'd try her manners a bit—without putting
her to spinning,

You'd mebbe fancy her all the same ;—for she is worth
the winning.

KING. No, no, my friend—no shirking now.

P. MIN. Ha! what a fine suggestion!

JOAN. I knew you'd make a mess on't, Joe! (to King) Your
Reverence, there's no question

But that he's made a mess on't;—but he's got no
cultivations;

BETSY. But mother and me has both enjyed berding-school
eddications.

JOAN. So, if you'd please to let uz go—for we make no
pertences,

We'll leave them two behind with you—

BETSY. To bide the consequénces.

NANCI. My liege, if I may speak one word, with your serene
permission,

Be pleased to grant to all but me free pardon and
dismission:

I'll do my best to spin you gold, and all the rest to
please ye;

But I might fail through nervousness, if I should feel
uneasy

At thought of suffering to my friends through my poor
inability.

KING. Sweet girl, your sentiments evince good feeling and
gentility;

But yet—

P. MIN. Together in one boat they all must sink or swim.

MILLER. What fayther would desert his lass? If any, I'm not
him!

KING. Well said! She surely *must* succeed—or else the
plague is in it!

Her thoughts are gold—her words are gold—then why
should she not spin it?

It's settled. Madam (*to Prime Minister's Lady*), now
to you, in spite of eccentricity,

I introduce my country friends.

LADY. Charming in their simplicity!

COUN. Let *me* be introduced too, pray. I dote on mills and
springs—

Cows, dairies, china, and all that—

LADY. And syllabubs, and things.

JOAN. You'll be the king's old mother, I guess ;

BETSY. And this 'ill be the maid !

LADY. Mother .!!

NANCI. Oh, please, she's dull of sight. What a mistake you've made !

This lady's in the bloom of youth ; and, if I'm not mistaken,

This, from her look and manners, holds the most exalted station.

JOAN. Don't interrupt me, Nancibell ! It may be as you say : But she *is* so like my poor old mother, as died last Lady-day.

BETSY. And this un's like our Cousin Sue, 'at married Butcher Steel.

But she don't hold herself like Sue—not so stately and genteel.

LADY. Helen, this is unbearable ! My liege, we must desire Permission from such company as this is to retire.

(Curtseys to the King. She and Helen exeunt.)

MILLER. *(to Joan)* Who's made a mess on't now, old lass ?

BETSY. *(to King)* I think, sir, with your favour, Mether and me's been *commyfo*, and of correct behaviour.

MILLER. You'd better hold your tongues ! *(to King)* My lord, I mayn't have cultivation—

But I'm a plain and honest man, that knows my proper station.

As for them two, excuse them, sir, no power can stop their prating.

They be just the same at home with me, uncommon aggraváting.

The aggravátingest things on earth is wives ; they *will* be popes, sir.

I'm a plain man, and speaks my mind. There's no offence, I hopes, sir.

KING. No, not at all. This girl, at least, has not transgressed her duty;

I'll put her to her work at once : so come with me, my beauty.

You, sir (*to Prime Minister*), look after these good folks, and keep them close confined.

(*Exit King, leading away Nancibell.*)

P. MIN. Come, friends, I'm going to lock you up.

MILLER. But not before we've dined !

P. MIN. Oh yes, you go to prison at once ; you'll have some bread and water.

You'll know your fate to-morrow : all depends upon your daughter.

MILLER. Well, I suppose it can't be helped. I wish I'd had my dinner.

I could have borne it better then.

JOAN. Oh, Joe ! you thoughtless sinner ! It's you that's brought us all to this !

BETSY. Oh, ma ! our days is ended !

P. MIN. Indeed, I think your prospects you have rightly apprehended.

(*He leads them out; Joan and Betsy Jane greatly wailing.*)

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Palace.

A spinning-wheel, and heaps of straw. Nancibell sits weeping.

NANCI. Alackaday ! what power can save
Poor me from an untimely grave ?

To think that all my grand ideas,
 Indulged in since my earliest years ;
 My dreams about a splendid marriage,
 Dresses, and pearls, and golden carriage,
 And banquets in a royal palace,
 Should end to-morrow—on the gallows !

(She weeps again ; then rises and stamps, and walks about.)

Oh, father what a stupid thing
 To praise me so before the King !
 To dote you must have been beginning
 When you told that cram about my spinning !
H'e'll have to swing too—what a bother !
 I shouldn't care so much for mother ;
 And yet *her* sad fate gives me pain—
 I'm even sorry for Betsy Jane !
 I hate that straw—the beastly stuff !

(She kicks the straw about in a rage, then bursts again into tears.)

Bother ! I'm acting like a muff !
 Sit down, and think a bit, my girl—
 But my poor brain's in such a whirl !
 Let's see—what's happened ? Twice before I've been
 Locked up all night, with heaps of straw to spin.
 The first time, as I sat despairing quite,
 A little elfish creature came in sight.
 How he got in I cannot guess the least ;
 But he turned out a really useful beast.
 He said he'd help me, if I'd give my ring.
 I gave it : all at once the curious thing
 Sat down and whirled about the wheel like winking,
 Till all the floor with heaps of gold was clinking.
 But, when the King beheld the heaps so yellow,

The lust of gold began to seize the fellow :
 He vowed that I must spin, and finish quite,
 A double quantity of gold next night.
 Again the elfish creature came and spun—
 His bribe my necklace—so the task got done.
 And now a third time am I locked up fast,
 And sure I am (*sobbing*) this night will prove my last.
 The beast will want his wage : I can't give any !
 I've nothing left about me worth a penny.
 The nasty, heartless, avaricious elf !

(Rises again and stamps angrily.)

He said each time he only spun for pelf,
 And—didn't—care a rap—how soon—I might be
 hanged' myself !

(She sits down again, crying. Enter Rumplestiltskin.)

RUMP. Hallo ! Beauty in tears ! How sweetly pretty !

NANCI. (rising) Oh, What's-your-name ! Please, please, have
 pity !

RUMP. Pity ? What's that ? The thing is unknown to me.

NANCI. Don't you know *Pity* ?

RUMP. Not in the least degree.

I've heard you human beings talk about it ;
 But I can get on very well without it.

NANCI. Oh, sir, you have been brought up very badly !

Your town must be in want of Board-schools sadly !

RUMP. Hity ! tity ! My pretty lady,
 If you trust to pity, your chance is shady.
 I know, of course, without being told,
 That you want me to spin this straw into gold.
 Then you would make a magnificent marriage,
 Revel in luxury, ride in your carriage,
 Waste all your time in ridiculous folly :
 Wouldn't you like it ? Wouldn't it be jolly ?

NANCI. Good sir, whatever your name may be,
 Such thoughts just now don't influence me.
 My very life's at stake—you know it—
 If you have any mercy, show it.

RUMP. My dear, put mercy out of your noddle,
 And let's have no sentimental twaddle.
 I'm a philosopher—in need—
 And of the utilitarian creed.
 As for mercy, and kindness of heart, and the rest,
 They're only fine names for what pleases us best ;
 And to me it's no pleasure at all, I confess,
 To help a young woman that seems in distress.
 What will you give me ?—Tell me now !
 Rumpti-iddity, bow-wow-wow !

(He dances a hornpipe, singing.)

Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity !
 Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity !
 Rum—ti—id—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity !
 Bow—wow—wow !

“ RUM-TI-IDDITY.”

$\text{J} = 104.$

T. R.

Rum - ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty, id - di - ty - id - di - ty,

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has three staves. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in C major, and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system's lyrics are: "Rum-ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty - id - di - ty, Rum-ti - id - di - ty,". The second system's lyrics are: "Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Bow, wow, wow."

NANCI. He must be madder than a hatter

To make a joke of a hanging matter!—

You've got my necklace, and my ring, sir;

Besides, I've not a single thing, sir..

RUMP. Why, then, little chuck, I suppose you must die;
Hanged by that pretty little neck. Good-bye!

*(He imitates hanging by a chuck at his own neck,
and is going.)*

NANCI. Stop! Stop! *(Aside)* I must find out some way
Of giving this horrible owl his pay.

Look here, sir : If to be queen I live,
Of course I shall then have plenty to give ;
And, if you only will do my task,
I'll promise whatever you like to ask.

RUMP. You will ?—it's a bargain ?

NANCI. Yes.

RUMP. Then, maybe,

You won't object to give me your baby ;
The first little interesting thing
That pules and pukes in the house of the King.

NANCI. Oh, sir ! what bosh ! You ridiculous gaby !
What could you possibly do with a baby ?

RUMP. Never you mind : I'll have nothing but that.

NANCI. Oh dear ! you horror ! What can you be at ?—
But what would you do with it ? How would you
treat it ?

RUMP. My dear, I'll promise you not to eat it.
You'd find it yourself to be nothing but bother ;
Besides, you could easily buy another.

NANCI. Oh, you little baneful star !
How I wonder what you are !

RUMP. Bother with your bad quotation !
Poetry's my detestation !
You want to know what I am :—I will show
Just as much as I choose you to know.
We dwell in the caves, and in dark gold-mines :
We dance in the light of the moon when it shines ;
We frighten night-wanderers out of their wits,
And, when we are merry, we tear 'em to bits :
Perhaps we shall grow less cruel and wild,
When we've got among us your brat of a child.

NANCI. Strange weird creature, your horrible words
Seem to be turning my blood into curds !
What—what will you do with the child, if you get it ?

RUMP. Oh, won't we dandle, and fondle, and pet it !
 Dance to the tune of it's horrible squall,
 And toss it and bounce it about like a ball !
 If it's a girl—and a passable one—
 Perhaps I'll allow her to marry my son.

NANCI. Your son ! You have a son, then ?

RUMP. Rather !

NANCI. I hope he's nicer than his father.

RUMP. Would you like to see him ?

NANCI. Yes.

RUMP. I'll call him.

NANCI. (aside) May all the plagues in the world befall him !

(Rumplestiltskin goes to the back of the stage, and whistles.)
 (Enter from behind Little Rumble, who plays antics and makes
 grimaces at Nancibell. The two Goblins dance together.)

RUMP. Well, what do you think of my son for a match ?

NANCI. He doesn't strike me as a very great catch.

But, come, you have acted the fool sufficiently :
 Sit down to your spinning, and do it efficiently.

RUMP. I shall have the baby then ?

NANC. No doubt of it.

(Aside) I'll find some way of getting out of it.

RUMP. Before I begin, just give me a kiss ! (approaching.)

NANC. Beast, get away !

RUMP. What a stuck-up miss !

(He sits down to the wheel, and spins straw into gold.
 Weird music behind the scenes. Nancibell looks
 on in astonishment—Little Rumble plays antics
 and makes faces.)

N.B.—The spinning-wheel is charged with straw. As Rumpl turns the wheel and manipulates the straw, which conceals a number of gold-coloured coins, these he causes to drop to a tray on the floor, making a jingling sound.

(Play "Spinning-wheel Chorus" from "Marta," FLOTOW
 BOOSEY'S Edition, p. 122, et seq., ad lib.)

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palaeo.

(Chairs set for the King and Queen. Prime Minister, his Lady, and Lady Helen, discovered.)

LADY. Indeed, I can't express my detestation
Of their vulgarity and affectation.

HELEN. The Queen, mamma, is better than the rest.

LADY. Why, yes, she is, and less absurdly drest.
But she's an artful domineering thing,
And makes a perfect puppet of the King.

P. MIN. Why, he reveres her as a female Daniel !

HELEN. She makes him fetch and carry like a spaniel.

P. MIN. The father seems a fat, good-natured fellow.

LADY. He's well enough to laugh at, when he's mellow.

HELEN. That Betsy Jane's the worst.

LADY (ironically) My dear, take care !
She now is Lady Elizabeth Jane Millére.

HELEN. She gives me such long lectures.

LADY. Out upon her !

(Enter Betsy Jane.)

BETSY. Her Majesty requires her maid of honour.

LADY. You'd better go, my dear.

BETSY. Of course she'll go.
And mind you're guilty, miss, of no *faux-po*. (Exit Helen.)

P. MIN. You need not fear *our* daughter's strict propriety.

LADY. *She's* been accustomed to the *best* society.

BETSY. If that's a 'it at me, mem, on my word,
Your iniwendo's vulgar and absurd.
I'm the Queen's sister, mem, I knows my station :
(to P. Min.) Mine, sir, is not a menial sitiuation.

(Enter Joan.)

JOAN. Her Majesty's a-coming : it's her pleasure
That you, sir, should escort her infant treasure.

P. MIN. I fly to execute her high behest,
My Lady Duchesse de Millére.

JOAN. You'd best.

LADY. (*aside*) The snob ! what ignominy we endure !

JOAN (*condescendingly, and offering two fingers*) Madaume, I'm
glad to see you, I am sure.

(*Lady bows majestically. Joan returns the bow in
an exaggerated way, withdrawing her hand.*)

JOAN. I'm glad to say I'm by the Queen instructed
To say she finds your daughter well-conducted.

BETSY. If she behaves as I've took pains to train her,
My sister in her service will retain her.

(Enter Miller, carrying a gola rod ; then King, leading Queen,
followed by Helen ; then Prime Minister, carrying a cot with
Baby in it : Nurse walks beside it.)

[The Queen sits. The King stands beside her. The cot is placed
near them.]

KING. My darling queen, is all arranged to suit ye ?

QUEEN. Give me my babe : I want to kiss the beauty.

(Nurse takes Baby out of cot, and presents it to the
Prime Minister, who presents it to the King, and
he to the Queen.)

KING. (to Miller) My Lord Gold-Stick, what a delight is this,
To revell in such pure domestic bliss !

MILLER. To see you both so happy, for my part,
It warms the very cockles of my heart.

QUEEN. King !

KING. Darling ?

QUEEN. To its cot return the treasure.

(It is returned with same ceremony as before.)

You can sit down now.

KING.

With the greatest pleasure.

(*He takes his chair.*)

QUEEN. Hubby, *do* think of something for diversion.

I want to be amused without exertion.

I find these state occasions rather slow.

MILLER. Ditto say I to that—I finds 'em so.

Grand as I feel with this gold poker 'ere,

I sometimes wants my baccy and my beer.

BETSY. Ma, did you hear his vulgar observation ?

JOAN. Love, he's uncapable of cultivation.

QUEEN (*to King*) I told you to amuse me : don't you hear ?

KING. I'll do my very best, my dearest dear :

Suggest some way (*to Prime Minister*), I charge you,
on your duty,

To cheer the spirits of my Queen of Beauty.

P. MIN. My liege, your question must have some solution :

Would her Grace like to—see an execution ?

QUEEN. Idiot !

LADY. Excuse me, madam, I implore you ;

My Lord Gold-Stick might dance a jig before you.

COUN. Or you and your sweet girl might act a scene :

Say, that old piece—"I would not be a queen."

QUEEN. You're somewhat bold, my ladies.

HELEN. My advice is

To send for strawberries and cream, and ices.

QUEEN. Sickening !

JOAN. For dresses, dear, I know your passions—

Send for your milliners, and discuss the fashions.

BETSY. Or let this person show her eddication (*pointing to Helen*)

By giving us a potry recitation.

QUEEN. Bother you all !—you make my mis'ry double ;

I'm bored to death. Fan me ! (*to Helen*) I hate the trouble.

(*Helen takes the Queen's fan, and fans her.*)

(to King) Think of some fun, or you shan't sit beside me.

KING. I will, I will!—pray, dearest, do not chide me.

Some fun—let's see (to P. Min.) What is fun? Do you know?

P. MIN. I think, my gracious liege, it's something low.

MILLER. King, son-in-law, I've hit it! Let us sing

Some jolly rattling chorus!

QUEEN. Just the thing!

Hubby, you'll join.

KING. Yes, darling, if I may.

MILLER. Let's sing "A Song o' Sixpence." Fire away!

(*"A Song of Sixpence" sung.*)

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye," &c.

(From "National Nursery Rhymes," set to music by J. W. ELLIOTT; published by NOVELLO.)

(As the chorus ends, enter Rumplestiltskin, Mrs. Rumble, and Little Rumble, and dance grotesquely, singing "Rum-ti-iddity." Courtiers show great alarm.)

MILLER. Gracious! what can they be! Luik at 'em, granny! For sartain sure, I think they're aught but canny.

BETSY. Oh, ma, they're spectrises!

KING. My lord Prime Minister, Arrest them! Ask their names!—their looks are sinister.

(Prime Minister approaches them timidly. They rush at him, and he flies in terror.)

RUMP. What are you frightened at? What a to-do! Hang it! I think I am as pretty as you!

KING. Who are you? What do you want?

RUMP. You precious muff, Let the queen speak: she knows me well enough.

KING. (*to Queen*) You know this creature, dear ?

RUMP. She does—that's flat !

QUEEN. Slightly, I do. I think he wants——

RUMP. The brat !!!

(*He bounds to the cot, and is seizing the baby. The Queen rescues it, and confronts him.*)

QUEEN. Hold, sir ! Don't act in such indecent hurry.

King dear, this pleasant gentlemen and merry
Did me a service once, and, I believe,
Something I promised him ; he, I conceive,
Thinks he can claim my baby.

KING. How ridiculous !

RUMP. (*aside*) With blarney now she's going to try and tickle
us ;

She won't, though. Look here, mistress—it's a bargain !
You cannot humbug *me* with courtly jargon.

QUEEN. So true ! But one thing, pray, explain to me ;
You've brought more friends than I had hop'd to see :
This your son, I know :—the pretty dear !

(*She pats his cheek ; he bites her finger. He jumps
with joy ; she utters a little cry.*)

But who's this lovely lady I see here ?

RUMP. My wife, ma'am. Out of pure consideration
I made her come to do the titivation.
For, seeing how tender the babby must be,
And how you'd be funky to trust it to me,
I thought you'd be glad that a lady should take it,
To toss it, and bump it, and pinch it, and shake it,
And whip it to sleep, when it cries in the night,
And give it its bottle. You've brought it ? (*to Mrs. R.*)

MRS. R. All right !

I'll give it its bottle !

(*Pulls a large black bottle out of her pocket.*)

KING.

What's in it?

MRS. R.

Why, whisky!

The best stuff for babies, it makes 'em so frisky.

QUEEN. Good friends, you're most consid'rate ; but, I say,
Suppose you grant me just three days' delay ?
Set me some task most difficult to do ;
If it's not done, I give the babe to you.
Consider the proposal—just for fun.

RUMP. (*aside*) Not a bad notion ; but I won't be done.
I like a joke. Look here, my queenly dame,
In three days' time you must *find out my name* !
If not, I positively claim the baby.

QUEEN. Agreed.

RUMP. Agreed ! Won't she be floored ! the gaby ! (*aside*).
Folderol-diddle ! I've caught her now !
Rump-ti-iddity, bow, wow, wow !
(*Rumplestiltskin, Mrs. Rumplestiltskin, and Little Rumple* dance out of the room.)

KING. My dear, this is a serious situation.

MILLER. A most uncommon, bothering aggravation !

QUEEN. I was obliged to put him off some way.

(*to P. Min.*) My lord, you must endeavour, night and day,
To find the creature's name.

KING. Send spies about
In all directions. We *must* find it out.

P. MIN. My liege, you may rely upon my zeal.

BETSY. The case is hopeless.

JOAN. Oh, how bad I feel !

COUN. (*to Joan, offering a bottle of salts*).

Here, take my salts. I fear her grace will faint :
Her nerves are strung so finely.

JOAN. No, they ain't !

LADY. I do *so* sympathise !

MILLER. I don't believe you.

My dears, we'll do our possibles to relieve you
 From this sad mess ; and, till our plans is ripe,
 I'll take the liberty to go and smoke my pipe.

(*Scene closes.*)

S C E N E V.

A Wood. A caldron hanging from three sticks. The Room and Stage darkened.

(Enter Rumplestiltskin, Mrs. Rumplestiltskin, Little Rumble, and elves. They dance before the caldron. Gleams of coloured light may be thrown occasionally on the figures.)

RUMP. Ha ! my hearties ! let's be jolly !
 Splitting with laughter at human folly !
 The Queen's little brat is my own ! Hurrah !
 Eh, little wife ?

ALL. Hě ! hā ! hě ! hě ! hā !!!

MRS. R. What shall we do with it ?

RUMP. Bang it, and wallop it,
 Bleed it and blister it, blue-pill and jalap it,
 Pelt it, hung up by its toes from a tree—
 A nice little toy for my Rumble and me !
 Ha ! little son, you have got a fine wife !

MRS. R. Mammy will teach him to lead her a life !

RUMP. Will the Queen find out my name ?

MRS. R. Not a bit on it !

RUMP. Rumpty-hi-diddle ! she never can hit on it.

MRS. R. Oh, the grand folks ! How I hate them !

RUMP. Ha ! ha !
 Won't they be sorrowful ?

ALL. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

RUMP. But now it is time to prepare a grand feast,
 For welcoming duly the vile little beast.
 Look alive, then, you rascals, and show us your mettle
 By gathering ingredients to boil in our kettle.

(*The elves disperse, while Rumplestiltskin stands by the caldron. They bring things to him, which he puts in.*)

RUMP. What's this? Oh, a hedgehog! a toad! and a rat!
 The heart of a lover! an alderman's fat!
 The brain of a poet! tit-bits for the pot!
 Aha! little wifie, and what have you got?
 A batch of drown'd kittens, delicious of savour.

(*smelling them.*)

And a fox, and a ferret, to give it a flavour!
 Won't it turn out a magnificent gruel!

MRS. R. Stuff to make all of us frisky, and cruel!

(*Rumplestiltskin stirs the mixture with a stake; then sings.*)

"Merrily a feast I'll make:
 To-day I'll bréw, to-morrow bake:
 Merrily I'll dance and sing;
 For next day will a stranger bring.
 Little does my lady dream
 Rumplestiltskin is my name!"

Chorus. Little does my lady dream
 Rumplestiltskin is his name,
 Rumplestiltskin,
 Rumplestiltskin,
 Rumplestiltskin is his name !

"MERRILY A FEAST I'LL MAKE."

$\text{♩} = 92$

T. R.

Mer - ri - ly a feast I'll make ! To - day I'll brew, to-

mor - row bake, Mer - ri - ly I'll dance and sing! To-

mor - row will a stran - ger bring. Lit - tle does my

la - dy dream, Rum - ple - stilt - skin is my name.

(Here R. laughs in a fiendish manner, ad. lib.)

a tempo.

(whisper.)
Rum - plestilt - skin, Rum - plestilt-skin, Rum - plestilt-skin is my name.

Chorus.

“LITTLE DOES MY LADY DREAM.”

Lit - tle does my la - dy dream, Rumple-stilt - skin is his name.

Rum - plestilt - skin, Rum-ple-stilt-skin, Rum-ple - stilt - skin is his name!

(*He lights the fire under the caldron in a pan containing brandy and salt. They all dance round it, singing (or screaming), "Rumplestiltskin," etc. Then all exeunt.*)

(*Prime Minister and Miller come forward from behind a tree.*)

P. MIN. (*approaching timidly*)

I think we now may venture forward, friend ;
They've brought their awful revels to an end.
But—I don't know—the scene was most alarming !

MILLER. They seem to be a set o' precious varmin.

While they were throng wi' their uncanny hopping,
They little thought that we were there eaves-dropping.

P. MIN. At any rate, we've learnt his name.

MILLER. That's true.

Aye, Rumplestiltskin—and a bonny 'un too !
Whoever called him so, it was a shame !
He's had no chance with such a heathen name.

P. MIN. Let's go, my friend, let's go !—the place is haunted.

MILLER. Keep a good conscience, and you'll not be daunted.

(*Miller prowls about, exploring.*)

P. MIN. We've seen enough : how can you be so daring ?

MILLER. I'll tell you what, old chap, I'm used to scaring ;
I'd sooner face a hundred bogies raging
Than one old wife, when she begins rampágging.

(*Miller looks into the cauldron.*)

Pah !—what a mess !—and how it stinks !

P. MIN. Take care !

The smell may poison you.

MILLER (*pointing to a dark spot*) Bo ! look, what's there !!

P. MIN. (*starting back in terror*) Gracious !

MILLER. Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! His hair's on end !

P. MIN. I will report you to the King, my friend ;

You are too bold :—a Minister of State
Cannot have tricks played on him at this rate.

MILLER. Report me to the King? You're rayther green ;—
Suppose that I report *you* to the Queen!
My lass is mistress now, you may depend on't.

P. MIN. Too true!

MILLER. Come, come! shake hands, and make an end on't!
Put up wi' a miller's manners, if you can :
You see, I always was a joky man.

P. MIN. No more of your jokes, I beg you ;—I'm so nervous.

MILLER. Wait till I light my pipe. I'm at your service.

P. MIN. Come then (*pulling him away*) Delay will irritate the king.

MILLER. My bonny lass! Won't she be pleased, poor thing!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

A Garden. Chinese lamps hanging among the shrubs.

Enter Queen with Helen, and Nurse with baby.

QUEEN. Here for a while, dear Helen, we take breath
From all that state that bores us both to death.
Do let us throw off all our buckram here.
You'll be my bosom friend—now, won't you, dear?

HELEN. Your Majesty's too kind.

QUEEN. Don't talk such stuff;
Of courtly humbug I have had enough.
The king's a perfect darling, it is true ;
He does at once whate'er I bid him do.
But all that etiquette is like a fetter—
I almost think life in the mill was better.

HELEN. You'll soon get used to it.

QUEEN. But there's one blister—

A constant one ;—my most provoking sister.

I fear she bullies you : don't mind her, darling.

HELEN. Oh, I care very little for *her* snarling !

QUEEN. You see, this evening, to get rid of state,
I've made arrangements for a garden fête.

You heard the orders given about dress ?
You're ready with your costume, aren't you ?

HELEN. Yes.

QUEEN. That elf, too, will be coming, I suppose,
To claim my precious—bless its little nose! (*kissing baby.*)
And mid these shrubs I thought such forms grotesque
Might make a scene absurdly picturesque.

HELEN. I shall be frightened.

No, not you !

HELEN. What luck
You found the horror's name out !

QUEEN. Ah, my chuck !
Did Bogie want it ? But he s'all not get it !
No, dat he san't ! (*petting the baby.*)

HELEN. (*doing the same.*) How nice it is to pet it !

QUEEN. It's time I set things going. Just run, dear,
And tell his Majesty I want him here
Immediately. He'll be outside the gate : (*Exit Helen.*)
I left him there, and ordered him to wait.
(*Presently enter King, dressed as a shepherd.*)

Oh, here you are !

KING. Yes, darling, here I am ;
What shall I do ?

QUEEN. Look at our precious lamb.
Kiss it.

KING. Ha ! catchy ! Little Baby Bunting !
Ba ! ba ! black sheep ! Daddy's gone a hunting !

QUEEN. There that will do. (*Nurse puts baby in cot, and exit.*)
Now, of this evening's fun
I wish to speak. Is all I told you done ?

KING. Yes, dear : they're all provided with their dresses,
As you enjoined—shepherds and shepherdesses.

QUEEN. What said my sister ? Did not *she* resist ?

KING. Oh yes ! she put herself in *such* a twist !

'Twas frivolous—she hated masquerading,
And to enact low life she thought degrading.

QUEEN. How did you manage her ?

KING. By royal bounties :
In her own right I made her straight a countess ;
Then she came round.

QUEEN. Well done, my clever King !
What else ?

KING. My dear, there was one single thing
In which your plan seemed wanting. Shepherds keep
Flocks—else they're humbugs. *I've* provided *sheep* !

QUEEN. But how ? We can't have live sheep scrambling here.

KING. You'll see how nicely I've contrived, my dear.
I have devised, too (with your leave, dear queen)
A sort of little operatic scene.
Would you mind hiding there behind the trees ?
You'll see the reason soon.

QUEEN. Well, as you please.

He kisses her hand, and leads her behind a shrub ; then blows a whistle. Enter courtiers, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses : with crooks and Pandean pipes. Each drags a little toy sheep. They march round the stage, and arrange themselves in a group, with their sheep before them. King walks moodily about, then approaches them.)

KING (sings :)

"Shepherds, shepherds, tell me,
Tell me, have you seen
My Flora pass this way?" etc.

(Music by MAZZINGHI.—NOVELLO.)

(They look at each other, at a loss.)

MILLER. No, we've not seen her nowhere, bless your heart !

P. MIN. (*mudging him*) We ought to sing.

MILLER. But I've forgot my part.

(*to King*) Our watch for Flora, sir, we could not keep,

We've been so bothered wi' these plaguy sheep.

LADY. (*to P. Min.*) My Lord Gold-Stick extemporises.

P. MIN. True.

I wish he wouldn't. I've quite lost my cue.

LADY. The King himself can't think what next to do.

KING. Go on ! You know your parts.

MILLER. We don't, sir. Dash !

JOAN. The whole thing's going to go a regular smash !

(*The Queen comes forward.*)

QUEEN. Ye nymphs and shepherds—such ye seem to be—

If I am Flora, what d'you want with me ?

KING. Fall on your knees—my Flora is before us !

Do sing, at any rate, the final chorus !

(*A May-pole, with wreaths hanging from its top, brought in.*

Queen stands in the middle, holding the May-pole. Nymphs and shepherds dance round it, holding the wreaths, and sing :

"With a laugh as we go round," etc.

(*From SIR STERNDALE BENNETT'S "May Queen."—NOVELLO.*)

(*As the chorus concludes, the music suddenly changes, and enter Rumplestiltskin, Mrs. Rumplestiltskin, and Rumple, singing, "Rum-ti-iddity," etc., and dancing. The courtiers thrown into confusion.*)

BETSY. (*to Joan*) What comes of this play-acting, ma, you see.

My sister would not be forewarned by me.

I said such vanities was tempting fate :

This is a judgment, as she'll learn too late !

JOAN. Oh, Betty Jane ! let us keep near the gate !

RUMP. Pretty lady, here I am,
Come to claim the precious lamb.

QUEEN. Won't you still forego your claim?

RUMP. Nonsense! Tell me what's my name!
(*Queen pretends to weep.*)

KING. Can you bear to see a lady
Weeping? Let her tears persuade ye!

RUMP. Fiddlestick!

KING. The child forego;
Aught beside I will bestow;
Any kind of priceless jewel.

MILLER. What's the use o' being so cruel?

P. MIN. You'll find, dear sir, a generous action
Afford you inward satisfaction.

RUMP. Bother your humbug! Fire and flame!
Tell me—tell me—tell me my name!

QUEEN. Would you could feel what my distress is!
But you'll allow me a few guesses?

RUMP. Guess away!

QUEEN. Can it be Bartholomew? (*he shakes his head.*)
Caliban? Scratch? Jack-o'-lantern?

RUMP. Pooh! pooh!

QUEEN. P'rhaps Garagantua? Patrick? or Rory?

RUMP. Bosh!

QUEEN. Octopus? Ichthyosaurus? John Dory?

RUMP. Fudge!

QUEEN. Flibbertigibbet? Mephistopheles?
Bandy-legs? Goggle-eyes? Nosy?

MRS. R. You'll please
Not to reflect on his beautiful features.

BETSY. How can she parley with such dreadsome creatures?

KING. Alas! you'll have to give it up, I fear.

MILLER. And let him have the babby (*judging the King.*).

RUMP.

Hear ! hear ! hear !

Hurroosh !—it is mine ! I have got it at last !

(He bounds forward to clutch the baby.)

QUEEN. One moment, my friend—you move rather too fast.

Take it calmly, if you can,

When I ask you, my good man,

(Slowly) Can your name be *Rumplestiltskin* ?

RUMP. (starting back) Some witch has told you ! How did you get to know ?

MILLER. His name is *Rumplestiltskin*—ho ! ho ! ho !ALL. *Rumplestiltskin*—ho ! ho ! ho !

(He jumps about, and stamps furiously.)

RUMP. Bother ! I've stamped my foot into the floor, And cannot pull it out again no more !

(He tries to pull his foot out with both hands : Mrs. *Rumplestiltskin* and little *Rumple* help him. At last they get it out : he hops about on one leg, howling. Little *Rumple* also howls.)

MRS. R. Oh, you villains !—you shall catch it !

Where's the baby ? Won't I scratch it !

(She rushes up to nurse, who flies, and drops the baby. Mrs. *Rumplestiltskin* seizes it, and is running off with it. Miller follows, and trips her up. She falls, throwing away the baby. *Rumplestiltskin* takes it up, and flings it at the head of the Prime Minister. General scrimmage. As Prime Minister, Joan and Betsy try to escape, the elves jump on their backs and frighten them. As the row is going on, Fairy Music heard.

(Fairy Chorus.)

“ From the banks of woodland brooks,
 Flowery glades, and shaded nooks ;
 Haunted groves that nightly gleam
 In the pale moon's glimmering beam,
 We come, we come !

"Ghosts and goblins dare not meet us :
Sleeping flowers wake up to greet us :
Brightening all the dewy green,
Singing, dancing, round our Queen,
We come, we come!"

Fairy Chorus.

MM. $\frac{3}{4}$ = 112.

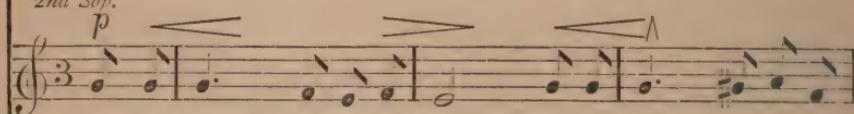
1st Sop. Lightly and with expression.

T. R.



From the banks of wood-land brooks, Flow'ry glades and shaded

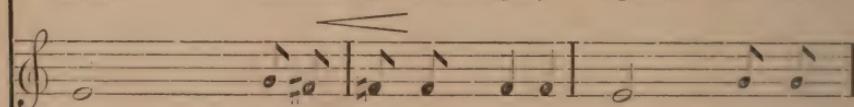
2nd Sop.



From the banks of wood-land brooks, Flow'ry glades and shaded



nooks, Haunted groves that nightly gleam, In the



nooks, Haunted groves that nightly gleam, In the





pale moon's glim - 'ring beam ; We come ! we

brooks, Flowery glades and shaded nooks, Haunted

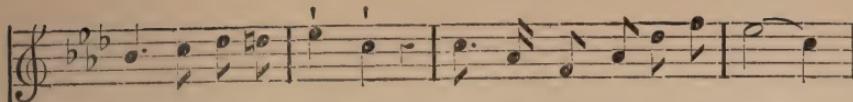
come ! We come ! we come !

groves that nightly gleam In the pale moon's glim - 'ring
 We come ! we come ! We come ! we

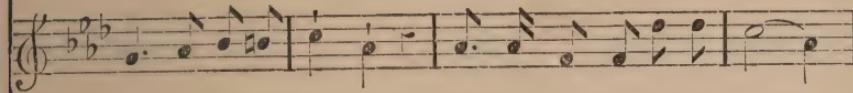
The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the alto voice, and the bottom staff for the piano. The piano part features a bass line and harmonic support. The vocal parts enter at different times, with the soprano starting first, followed by the alto, and then both voices singing together.

beam ; Ghosts and gob-lins dare not meet us, Sleeping
 come ! Ghosts and gob-lins dare not meet us, Sleeping

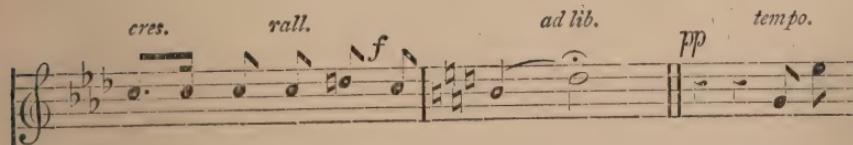
The continuation of the musical score follows the same three-staff format. The piano part provides harmonic structure, while the voices sing the lyrics. The dynamics 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) are used to indicate volume changes.



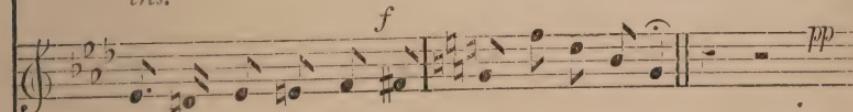
flow'r's rise up to greet us, Bright'ning all the dewy green,



flow'r's rise up to greet us, Bright'ning all the dewy green,



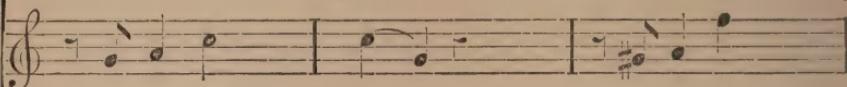
Singing, dancing round our Queen. From the
cres.



Singing, dancing, singing, dancing, round our Queen.

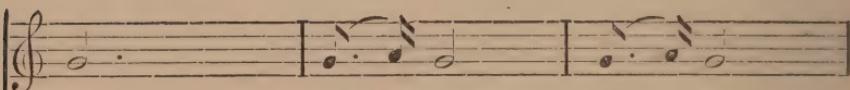
tempo.

banks of wood-land brooks, Flowery glades and shaded



We come ! we come ! we come ! we

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including both treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature.



nooks, Sing - ing, danc - ing,



come ! Sing - ing, we come ! danc - ing, we come !

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including both treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature. A trill symbol is present above the bass staff.

sing - ing, we come, we come ! Sing - ing
 sing - ing we come, we come ! Sing - ing

(Suddenly enter from behind the tree FAIRY QUEEN and good fairies. The elves cease from their pranks, and try to escape. Fairy Queen touches them with her wand. They stand suddenly still.)

FAIRY Q. Fly not yet!—you may not go!

My superior power you know.

Thus I draw a circle round you;

In a fairy ring I've bound you.

Oh, you wicked, spiteful elves,

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

KING (*coming forward*) Sweet strangers, whosoc'er you be,
I bid you welcome heartily.

You seem not like the things of earth,

And of a higher, purer birth

Than those whom you have pinn'd so tight.

What can we do for your delight?

FAIRY Q. King, we come to lend you aid

'Gainst the plots those elves have laid.

Strong and baneful as they are,

I and mine are stronger far.

Unsubstantial we, and airy;

Yet I am the Queen of Faery.

Safe through me from elfish spite,

You and yours may rest to-night.

KING (*to Queen*) My queen, with welcome kind and hearty,
I'm sure you'll greet this pleasant party.

QUEEN. Friends, for my darling babe and me,
I thank and greet you heartily.

P. MIN. Illustrious Powers, I scarce can find expressions,
To intimate my most profound impressions.

My wife and daughter, madam—pray befriend them.

FAIRY Q. All fairy blessings still attend them!

(*She waves her wand over them.*)

LADY. We prize your favours much.

HELEN.

Indeed we do !

JOAN (*to Betsy*) It's time I should stick up for me and you.

(*She pushes forward with Betsy Jane.*)

Ladies, I hope you'll let us share your bounties ;
I'm a duchess, and my girl's a countess !

BETSY. And whatsumever be their situations,
We take percedence as the queen's relations.

(*The fairies turn their backs on them.*)

Oh, ma ! they scorn us !—the turn-up-nosed monkeys !

MILLER. You've made a mess on't once again, ye donkeys !

(*to Fairy Queen*) Ma'am, don't let their daft impudence
distress you.

FAIRY Q. You are a kind and honest man :—we bless you.

(*She waves her wand over him.*)

Fairies, let us weave our charms
To bless this house from nightly harms.
Not the very Goblin King,
Ever blight or bane can bring,
Where our feet have traced a ring.

(*A fairy dance.*)

KING (*advancing*) Gracious fairy, pray extend

Your favour to our tricksy friend.
Powerless now to work us woe,
Let the merry goblins go !

FAIRY Q. Thus I loose you : ye are free ! (*touching elves with
her wand.*)

Mend your manners.

RUMP.

Fiddlededee !

(*Sings.*)

Rum-ti-iddity-iddity-iddity, etc.

(*Grand Tableau of Fairies and Courtiers. King in front, holding the Queen's hand. Fairy Queen, with her two attendant Fairies, elevated behind the rest, holding out their wands. Elves squatted in front.*)

KING. Powers of evil all departed,
Safe from harm, and merry-hearted
(Thanks to our protecting sprite),
We may bid our friends good-night !
So let's finish, hand in hand,
With a rhyme from Fairy-land.

(*turning to Queen*) "Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come my lovely lady nigh !
(*to Audience*) So good-night, with lullaby!"

(*Chorus.*)

Never harm, nor spell nor charm, etc.

(*Concluding bars of "Ye Spotted Snakes" (STEVENS). NOVELLO.)*
(*Scene closes.*)

A CHARADE, IN THREE ACTS.

(SKINFLINT.)

The first and second Acts represent the syllables of the word, the third the whole.

Dramatis Personæ.

LORD FANGLE.

JACK HILTON.

DAPPER, *Lord Fangle's Valet.*

JACK FLINT.

BUTTONS.

MISS LYDIA BLOOM, *afterwards Lady Fangle.*

THE DOWAGER LADY FANGLE.

MISS YARKER, *afterwards Mrs. Hilton.*

PARKER, *Miss Bloom's Maid.*

THE HON. MISS CONSTANCE FANGLE.

COOK.

SERVANTS.

Overture "Clemenza di Tite" Mozart

ACT I.—FIRST SYLLABLE.

SCENE I.

A Boudoir. Miss Bloom discovered sitting at a table before a glass. Parker in attendance.

MISS B. Parker, look here! I do believe my skin
Is getting freckled—spots, too, on my chin!

'Tis the hot weather causes it, no question :
It cannot surely come from indigestion !

PARKER. Good gracious, ma'am! I can't believe it's true!
Yet I do think I see a spot or two.

MISS B. Pity me, Parker! Oh, what *shall* I do?
The very thought of freckles makes me ill—
Would it do any good to take a pill?

PARKER. I think you'd better not, upon reflection,
As it might spoil your general complexion.
I can't abide pills, potions, and emetics—
I'm all for washes, powders, and cosmetics.

MISS B. Some powder then—a *little* red—and white.
How horrible if I should look a fright!

PARKER. Impossible ! Nay, freckled though you grew,
What would spoil others would look well in you.

MISS B. You flatter me, you chit !

PARKER. Flatter? Not I?

You can't help looking lovely, though you try.

MISS B. I think my face will do now.

PARKER. Oh, it's sweet !

Just one touch more—the sight is quite a treat.

MISS B. My hands keep nice and white.

PARKER. Oh, they are loves!

Miss B. Wash them with milk, and then I'll wear my gloves.

(During the conversation that follows, Parker sponges Miss Bloom's hands with milk, powders them, and stretches her gloves, which she puts on.)

PARKER. To wash such hands with water were a sin—
Water should never touch a lady's skin !

MISS B. What was that story you were telling, Parker,
About Lord Fangle offering to Miss Yarker?

PARKER. It's true ; and she refused the high connection,
Because of his cadaverous complexion.

MISS E. POOR FANGLE!

PARKER. He's quite desolate—can't rally.

I had it all straight from his lordship's valet.

And he had given her such lots of rings.

MISS B. Absurd coquette ! *her* colour's no great things.

PARKER. Not like *yours*, ma'am.

MISS B. Should visitors appear,

I am at home, and will receive them here.

(*Parker removes the table. Bell rings. Parker ushers in the Dowager Lady Fangle and Miss Fangle.*)

MISS B. Dear Lady Fangle !

LADY F. How d'ye do, my dear ?

MISS B. Sweet Constance too ! How nice to see you here !

LADY F. Ye don't look well—your colour's rather high :

It don't look natural.

MISS B. (*aside*) Rude hag !

MISS F. But I

Think my dear friend looks very nice : how clear
Your tint !

MISS B. How kind of you to say so, dear !

LADY F. Pooh ! pooh ! But have you heard about my son ?

MISS B. No, not a single word. What has he done ?

LADY F. You know Miss Yarker—vulgar—with red hair :

But the sole daughter of a millionaire.

Well, he proposed to her, and—such a blow !—

MISS B. What ? You don't like the match ?—

LADY F. The jade said No !

MISS B. Astonishing ! She ought to have been *elate*.

LADY F. And my poor brother is in *such* a state :

Can't eat his breakfast—smokes cigars all day,

Grows paler every hour, and wastes away.

MISS B. What could her reason be ?

LADY F. You won't believe it ;

Nobody in their senses could conceive it.

You know he's elegantly pale and thin :
She said she could not bear a pasty skin !

(*Miss Bloom covers her face to hide laughter.*)
You make a jest of it ?

MISS B. Oh, ho ! He ! he !
I cannot help but sob for sympathy.

LADY F. What's to be done ?

MISS B. Why, can't he paint ?

MISS F. Oh no !
He says he's sure that dodge would be no go ;
For she'd soon twig 'twas not his own complexion.

LADY F. I'rhaps *you* could teach him how t' escape detection.

MISS B. I !—in such things I'm quite an ignoramus.

MISS F. I'm sure you are, dear.

LADY F. That the case mayn't shame us
We must do something. Are there not some lotions,
Cosmetical appliances, or potions,
That give a healthy lustre to the skin ?

MISS B. I fear such arts may be a sort of sin.

LADY F. Pooh !

MISS B. But my maid may know.

LADY F. I'm sure, my dear,
She knows.

(*Miss Bloom rings the bell. Enter Parker.*)

MISS B. Her ladyship desires to hear
If you're aware of any kind of lotions,
Cosmetical appliances, or potions,
That outwardly applied, or taken in,
Impart a healthy lustre to the skin.
'Tis for Lord Fangle, who, from over-study,
Has grown too pale, and wants to look more ruddy.

PARKER. I !—oh dear, no ! In such things I'm a child.

LADY F. Don't talk such nonsense, or you'll drive me wild.

PARKER. Well, now I think on't—sure I have been told
Of a French shop where such-like things are sold ;
And if you'll please to send his lordship's man,
I will oblige his lordship, if I can.

LADY F. At once I'll send him.

PARKER (*aside*) Oh, he's such a duck !

LADY F. Sweet friend, good-bye !

MISS B. I wish my lord good luck.

(*Exeunt Lady Fangle and Miss Fangle.*)

MISS B. Good riddance! But what rubbish! Think! *Miss Yarker!!*

What is the stuff you mean to send him, Parker?

PARKER. I know what I'm about. Just wait; you'll see.

MISS B. I think Lord Fangle might have thought of me.

SCENE II.

A Room. Cigars, bottles, paper, ink, etc., on a table.

(Enter Hilton.)

HILTON. What, Fangle ! not yet up ? Oh, I suppose
He's drowning disappointment in repose.
Poor beggar !—for Miss *Yarker*, too ! I think
His love was less for beauty than for chink.
What's here ? Good gracious ! he has penned a sonnet !
To *Yarker*'s golden locks, depend upon it.

(Takes up paper, and reads.)

"O, for the bloom of a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June!"

How screwed he must have been to write such rot!

If he goes on like that, he goes to pot.

(Enter Lord Fangle, in dressing-gown and slippers, with a cigar, looking very woe-begone.)

Hallo! old boy; how are you?

LORD F.

Oh, so bad !!

HILTON. Cheer up ! there's more fish in the sea, my lad.

LORD F. No fish like Yarker. Oh, so richly dear !

Beautiful with twelve thousand charms a year !

HILTON. As much as that ?

LORD F.

And three old aunts with tin !

And the sole cause the colour of my skin.

HILTON. It's a sad case, indeed. But you'll soon rally.

LORD F. No, never ! Where the dickens is my valet ?

(Enter Dapper triumphantly, with a bottle.)

HILTON. Just in the nick of time he comes.

LORD F.

You knave,

Why did you leave me desolate ?

DAPPER.

I crave

Your lordship's pardon ; and I'm sure you'll grant it ;

I've got the very thing your lordship wanted.

HILTON. What is't ?—some wash ?

DAPPER.

It is the winning trick, sir.

LORD F. (reads) "Chromo-recuperative magical elixir."

Not poisonous ?

DAPPER.

No ; innocently mild,

It makes an old man like a blooming child.

Miss Bloom's maid gave it me ; my friend, Miss Parker.

LORD F. How ominous the name ! It rhymes to Yarker !

HILTON. Miss Bloom's maid ought to understand complexions.

DAPPER. She does, and bade me give my lord directions

That the full tint would not develop fast ;

The wash works slowly, but is sure at last.

Perhaps, said she, when my lord leaves his room,

His glass will show but slight access of bloom ;

But when he's walked a little in the air,

The sweet effect will make beholders stare.

LORD F. Come on, come on, I'm dying to begin !

HILTON. May all the graces help to dye your skin !

(*Song.*)

LORD F. Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June !

DAPPER. My lord, this lotion will disclose
The wish'd-for roses soon.

LORD F. I faint, I die, the wash to try—

DAPPER. Supplied by Mistress Parker.

HILTON. Haste, haste to win, with roseate skin,

ALL. The golden charms of Yarker.

(*Chorus.*)

Who is Yarker, what is she,
That all our swains command her ?
Richly dowered with charms is she,
Such grace did Plutus lend her,
That she might admired be.

HILTON. Gather your roses, ere they fade :
So says the ancient song, sir :
Your lilies with the golden maid
Have done you grievous wrong, sir.

LORD F. I faint, I die, the wash to try—

DAPPER. Supplied by Mistress Parker.

HILTON. Haste, haste to win, with roseate skin,

ALL. The golden charms of Yarker.

(*Chorus.*)

Then to Yarker let us sing,
That Yarker is excelling :
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Fangle bring !

(*Exeunt, leading Fangle out.*)

Song.

“OH, FOR THE BLOOM!”

T. R.

♩ = 168.

Fangle.

Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in

Dapper.

June! My lord, this lo - tion will dis - close The

Fangle.

wished for ro - ses soon. I faint, I die, the

*Dapper.**Hilton.*

A musical score for two voices, Dapper and Hilton. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are separated by a brace. The lyrics are:

I wash to try, sup - plied by Mis - tress Par - ker. Haste,

All.

A musical score for three voices, All. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are separated by a brace. The lyrics are:

haste to win with roseate skin, The golden charms of Yarker.

SCENE III.

A Drawing-room. Miss Bloom dressed for going out. Parker in attendance.

MISS B. Tea for four, please, Parker, at five precisely.

PARKER. Yes, ma'am.

MISS B. With muffins. Does my train hang nicely ?
Miss Yarker's coming, and my Lady Fangle.
I want to see them meet.

PARKER. Perhaps they'll wrangle.
 MISS B. That would be fun. I shan't be long away. (*Exit.*)
 PARKER. Let's see what letters she has had to-day.

(*Reads the letters on the table.*)

Uninteresting all! One from her mother—
 Maternal twaddle!—from her aunt—her brother.
 They're not worth reading—milk and water all!

(*Looks out of the window.*)

Why, there's Lord Fangle: he is going to call.
 Delightful! How my charm has work'd! The air
 Has brought the tint out sweetly, I declare,
 Of which, poor man, he's not the least aware.

(*Bell rings. Parker exit; and brings in Lord Fangle.*)
 Come in, my lord, Miss Bloom will soon appear.

LORD F. They told me I should find Miss Yarker here.

PARKER. My lord, my mistress does expect Miss Yarker.

LORD F. I'll wait. (*Parker is going. He calls her back.*)
 Ha! by the way, is your name Parker?

PARKER. It is, your lordship.

LORD F. I conjectured so.

You are my *benefactress*! Don't you know (*taking out
his purse*)

Dapper, my man?

PARKER. Oh, yes!

LORD F. Gave him a lotion?

(*She nods assent. He gives her money.*)

PARKER. Thank you!

LORD F. I cannot speak without emotion.
 So happy you have made me.

PARKER. Oh, my lord,
 I am so charmed to see your tint restored.
 You look quite blooming now.

LORD F. Indeed, my glass
 Told me a flattering tale, my pretty lass.

And Dapper said that walking in the air
Would add fresh charms. Is there a mirror there?

PARKER. No.

LORD F. Yes, there is.

PARKER. Oh, yes, I quite forgot.
But, oh ! for goodness' sake, don't look !

LORD F. Why not ?

PARKER. It's such a wretched glass ! Don't look, I pray !
It won't tell true.

LORD F. I will look—get away !

(She tries to keep him from looking, but in vain.)

PARKER. (aside) Good lackaday ! he'll find out how he's bitten
Too soon.

LORD F. Good heavens ! I'm like an ancient Briton
Painted with woad ! Death ! Fury !

PARKER. Oh, my lord,
It is the glass ; it is, upon my word.
It always makes one look like that. (Bell rings.)

LORD F. The bell !
Who's coming in ?

PARKER. (looking out) As far as I can tell,
My lord, it is my mistress and Miss Yarker.

LORD F. Where can you hide me ? Hide me—hide me, Parker
(He rushes to a window.)

PARKER. There's the big dog below—don't jump out there.

LORD F. Oh ! Up the chimney ! Save me ! Anywhere !

PARKER. They're coming up the stairs.

LORD F. Oh dear ! oh dear !
What shall I do ? The only place is here.

(He creeps under the sofa. Enter Miss Bloom and
Miss Yarker.)

PARKER. (to Miss Bloom, aside) Lord Fangle's in the room—
hidden.

MISS B.

But, pray,

Where?

PARKER.

Never mind. You know what part to play.

(*Exit Parker.*)

MISS B. You were quite right : you could not take a fellow
With such a skin : white, with a tinge of yellow.

MISS Y. And such a nincompoop ! A lord he may be ;
But he's no less an idiotic gaby.

LORD F. They're paying me fine compliments, I'm thinking.

(*Aside.*)

MISS Y. And p'rhaps his awful colour comes from drinking.

MISS B. You hardly do him justice—he has parts ;
Writes poetry, and cultivates the arts.
And, after all, the man's beneath the skin.

(*Enter Parker.*)

PARKER. My lady and Miss Fangle.

MISS B. Show them in.

(*Enter Lady Fangle and Miss Fangle.*)

LORD F. (*aside to Parker, extending his head from under the sofa*)
Parker !

PARKER. Hush ! hush !

LORD F. Parker, I say !

PARKER. Don't bother !

LORD F. For goodness' sake, protect me from my mother !

MISS B. Welcome, sweet Lady Fangle. And you, *dear* !

LADY F. I hardly hoped to find Miss Yarker here.

MISS B. Quite accident.

MISS Y. I did not seek the honour.

(*Miss Yarker sits defiantly on the sofa. Lady Fangle eyes her contemptuously through her cyc-glass. Tea is meanwhile brought in by Buttons.*)

MISS F. (*aside*) Oh, pray, mamma, don't be too hard upon her.
She's rather nice, and we may win her still.

LADY F. I cannot speak to her : she makes me ill.

MISS F. Sugar and cream, Miss Yarker ?

MISS Y. Thank ye, no !

(*Miss Fangle, after taking Miss Yarker's cup, sits by her on the sofa.*)

MISS F. Oh, my dear friend, it has been such a blow
To my poor brother.

MISS Y. Has it really ?

MISS F. Yes.

He can't get over his profound distress.

MISS Y. Indeed !

MISS B. (*to Lady Fangle*) One can't account for tastes, you see.

LADY F. My son's is rather strange, it seems to me.
Look at her !

MISS B. She's my *friend* ; but, on my word,
Not quite the girl to estimate my lord,
With his fine genius. Well—I must confess it—
She is a little—how shall I express it ?

LADY F. Purse-proud and vulgar !

(*Miss Yarker sneezes violently.*)

MISS B. Oh, my dear Miss Yarker,
You feel the draught. Just move the sofa, Parker.

LORD F. Don't, Parker !

PARKER. But I must.

LORD F. Oh, don't, please ! please

PARKER. Here goes.

LORD F. Just wait awhile—I'm going to sneeze.

(*Parker moves the sofa. Lord Fangle scrambles with it as it moves, and tries to remain hidden. Is discovered at last.*)

LADY F. Sure, there's a rat, or something here, Miss Bloom.

MISS F. Oh ! oh ! a robber's got into the room.

(*Buttons seizes him by the leg.*)

BUT. *I've caught him ! Out, you rascal ! Oh, my eye !*
Awful ! (perceiving Lord Fangle's face.)

LORD F. Off, Buttons !

BUT. Well, you *are* a guy !

LADY F. You here, my son ? And in what fearful case ?
What in the world has happened to your face ?

MISS Y. (*to Miss Fangle*) You told me true. He *must* be in the blues.

(*to Lady Fangle*) My lady, this is not the tint I choose.
His white was bad enough ; but blue is worse.
Chameleons put no finger in *my* purse. (*Exit.*)

LORD F. So she has gone ! I care not—she has no heart !
But, oh, Miss Bloom, I heard you take my part,
When I was cramped up there and like to choke.
I'm sure you meant the generous things you spoke.

PARKER. (*to Miss Bloom, aside*) Ma'am, play your part : the colour won't endure :
I've got some stuff will work a perfect cure.

MISS B. Really ?

PARKER. Yes, really : 'twas not my device
To spoil his beauty : he'll soon look quite nice.
MISS B. My lord, I blame my friend for my poor part :
A change of colour does not change the heart.
Your heart is true, we know.

LORD F. Do you say so,
Angel ? You are not humbugging ?

MISS B. Oh, no !

LORD F. I am appreciated at last ! I say,
I love you, love you, in a frantic way !
Would *you* accept me with my azure skin ?
I only loved that harpy for her tin.

MISS B. Ah me !

LORD F. Without love tin's not worth possessing.

MISS B. Support me, Lady Fangle.

LADY F.

Take my blessing.

(Parker comes forward.)

PARKER. Thus I have served my mistress, and had fun.
So our charade's first syllable is done.

(Song.)

LADY F. Beauty is but skin deep, they say :
But is the saying true ?
For my son's heart is like his skin ;
You'll find it all *true blue*.CHORUS. Oh ! green is forsaken, and yellow's forsown,
But blue's the best colour that ever was worn !PARKER. His skin may change ;—his heart will keep
Its colour fast and true.LORD F. For oh, my heart is like my skin—
You'll find it all *true-blue*.CHORUS. Oh ! green is forsaken, and yellow's forsown,
But blue's the best colour that ever was worn !LADY F. My son is beauteous as the sky
With its cerulean hue.PARKER. Those rosy cheeks are all my eye :
There's nothing like *true-blue*.*Chorus.*CHORUS. Oh ! green is forsaken, and yellow's forsown,
But blue's the best colour that ever was worn !

Song and Chorus.

“BEAUTY'S BUT SKIN DEEP.”

J=176.

Lady Fangle.

T. R.

Beau - ty's but skin deep, they say, but is the saying

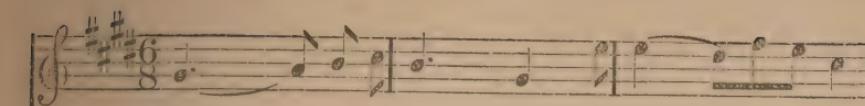
true? For my son's heart is like his skin, You'll

find it all true blue; For my son's heart is

rall. ad lib. *Chorus.*

like his skin, You'll find it all true blue. Oh,

rall. colla voce.



green is for - sa - ken, and yel - low's for-

sworn ; But blue's the best co - lour that

rall.

Fine.

Parker.

e - ver was worn. 2. His

Fine.

ACT II.—SECOND SYLLABLE.

SCENE I.

A Place in Wales.

(*Dapper and Parker discovered walking together, fashionably dressed.*)

PARKER. Oh, Mr. Dapper, if I could believe you!

DAPPER. Miss Parker, do you think I could deceive you?

No! as the magnet's faithful to the pole,
So to his Parker is true Dapper's soul.

PARKER. That's poetry. How sweet!

DAPPER. In rainy weather
My lord and I talk poetry together.
It's a grand thing—in these days of democracy—
To be connected with the aristocracy.

PARKER. So true! I would not serve those snobs—not I—
Who keep a list of everything they buy.
Mine is a *real* lady, there's no doubt;
Wear what I will, she never finds it out.

DAPPER. That 'at, for instance?

PARKER. Certainly.

DAPPER. Those loves
Of boots?

PARKER. Of course. As for these nice new gloves,
Just once I kindly let my lady wear 'em.

DAPPER. As for the bourgwawzce, I can't abear 'em.

My lord's the same. This tie becomes me nicely?

PARKER. Charming! You chose it for my lord?

DAPPER. Pree-cisely!
You matched those turtles well; for, sure as my name's
Walter,

It was yourself, my dear, as brought them to the
haltar.

PARKER. What, with my wash? But, Mr. Dapper, pray,
How do you like this honeymooning way;
Stopping for weeks (one hardly sees a face)
At such a desolate, mountainious place?

DAPPER. Miss Parker, but for love, and you—d'ye see?—
I'm certain I should die of ennowee.

PARKER. How does my lord kill time?

DAPPER. Oh, he's his fad
About them flints.

PARKER. Flints? Is he going mad?
I hate your flints. After a well-paved street
I cannot tell you how they hurt my feet.

DAPPER. Poor little feet! she's such a tender skin.

PARKER. Yes, and my lady's boots are made so thin.
(*Showing her feet.*)

What can his lordship want with flints?

DAPPER. My dear,
You're ignorant. There was parties once, I hear,
Poor naked chaps (we digs 'em up from barrows)
As knew no better than use flints for arrows.
My lord collects 'em. He's no low vulgarian,
But what the gentry calls a hantiquarian.

PARKER. Good sakes! Your gentry are a useful lot,
But precious sillies, Dapper, are they not?

DAPPER. My love their folly serves a useful end:
I know a trick or two. I've got a friend,
Jack Flint; but here he comes. Well, honest John!
(*Enter Jack Flint, with a bag.*)

JACK. Your servant, sir.

DAPPER. Nay, keep your castor on.
Got a good stock?

JACK. Well, sir, a tidy lot.

DAPPER. And made them all yourself?

JACK. Of course; why not?

DAPPER. He won't twig, think you ?

JACK. What, my lord ? not he !

PARKER. Lawk ! what a greenhorn must his lordship be !

DAPPER. What will you ask ?

JACK. Why, taking 'em all round,
I think my lord might stand for twenty pound.

DAPPER. Good ! we go halves.

JACK. Yes, if you'll be so good
As keep his lordship in a virtuous mood.

DAPPER. In *my* hands virtue's safe, man.

JACK. Flints for ever !

DAPPER. This is an honest fellow, and a clever.

PARKER. Oh, very *honest*. Now I see quite well
What flints were made for : they were made to sell.

Song.

FLINT. My lord is a greenhorn, there can be no doubt ;
My own manufactures he never finds out !

CHORUS. Yes, flints are for selling : yes, selling's the word ;
For in selling our flints we are selling my lord ;
Selling my lord,
Selling my lord ;
In selling our flints we are selling my lord.

PARKER. Oh, Jack ! you're a scoundrel; indeed, 'tis a sin
To take such a pleasure in taking him in.

CHORUS. Yes, flints are for selling, etc.

DAPPER. Be easy, my darling ; why make such a fuss ?
It pleases his lordship, and benefits us.

CHORUS. Yes, flints are for selling, etc.

*Song and Chorus.**"MY LORD IS A GREENHORN."* $\text{♩} = 84.$

T. R.

Flint.

My lord is a greenhorn, there can be no doubt; My

A musical score featuring two staves. The top staff is for 'Flint' and the bottom staff is for the 'Chorus'. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The 'Flint' staff uses a soprano clef and the 'Chorus' staff uses a bass clef. The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

*Chorus.**1st and 2nd Treble.*

A musical score for the 'Chorus' in 1st and 2nd Treble. It features two staves in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The top staff is for the 1st Treble and the bottom staff is for the 2nd Treble. The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

own man - u - fac - ture he never finds out ! Yes,

A continuation of the musical score for the 'Chorus' in 1st and 2nd Treble. It features two staves in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The top staff is for the 1st Treble and the bottom staff is for the 2nd Treble. The music consists of eighth-note patterns.

flints are for selling: yes, selling's the word; For in

f

sell - ing our flints, we are

sell - ing my lord: sell - ing my lord.

Sell - ing my lord; In sell - ing our flints, we are sell - ing my lord.

rall.

(*Exeunt Dapper and Parker. Enter Lord and Lady Fangle.*)

LORD F. There's Jack ! Ho ! any specimens to-day ?

JACK. A most uncommon lot, as I may say :

Many a weary mile I've walked, my lord,
To find 'em ; but they're beauties, on my word.

LORD F. Well, take them to my lodgings ; ask for meat
And beer. (*Exit Jack.*)

LADY F. I think that fellow looks a cheat.

LORD F. No ; Dapper knows him well (that man's a treasure !),
And says that I may trust him without measure.
But think, my love, of what you heard from Parker
To-day about Jack Hilton and Miss Yarker !

LADY F. Yes ! he's known how for golden fish to angle
Better than *some* ! Now, aren't you envious, Fangle ?

LORD F. My angel, taunt me not with my inanity,
When I was victim to that brief insanity.

No ! golden cheeks and ruby locks for boobies !

LADY F. Still, there are charms, you know, in gold and rubies.
Rubies are nice, and pearls. I won't give hints ;
But—money *might* be spent on other things than flints.
But I've more news : I'm told they're coming soon
To this same place to spend their honeymoon.

LORD F. Dear me ! dear me ! Can it be as you say ?
I never saw her since that dreadful day !

LADY F. Dreadful ?

LORD F. No, blissful—blissful without end !
The day I found one sympathetic friend !

LADY F. Don't be absurd. Look at those sunset tints !

LORD F. Come home, my love ; I long to see my flints.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

A Breakfast-Table.

(*Miss Yarker (now Mrs. Hilton) alone.*)

MRS. H. He need not think to keep me waiting so ;
 Breakfast was ready half an hour ago.
 This is the last time, Jack, I give you warning,
 You go out bathing early in the morning.
 You cannot have your own way now, as soon you'll
 understand ;
 Though married, I took care to keep the purse-strings
 in my hand.

(Enter *Jack Hilton.*)

HILTON. Ah ! charming ! Breakfast ready ! Thank you, pet !
 My bathe has given my appetite a whet.
 Bless us ! the things are cold !—that's not so well ;
 I'll have a fresh chop hot. (Goes to the bell.)

MRS. H. (*sternly*) Don't ring the bell !!!

HILTON. Why not ?

MRS. H. Be punctual, if you'd have things hot ;
 I can't allow you, Jack, to say, "Why not?"

HILTON. A pretty go ! In my own house I'm told
 I must submit to eat my breakfast cold !

MRS. H. Your house ! Pray, sir, perceive your true condition :
 Who holds the purse commands the whole position.

HILTON. Well, well.

(*Sits down to breakfast. After a pause :*)

Then you *have* breakfasted, dear wife ?

MRS. H. I would not eat cold chops to save my life.

I'll tame him (*aside*).

(*He rises from the table.*)

HILTON. What d'you think I've heard, my dear ?

MRS. H. What ?

HILTON. That the Fangles are in lodgings here.

MRS. H. And which skin wears my lord?—the white or blue?

HILTON. Nay, Dapper, whom I met, declares his hue
Has grown quite blooming.

MRS. H. Some new paint, of course.

HILTON. I do not think so.

MRS. H. Then it's worse and worse!

I wish I'd bagged him; for, upon my word,
You're very well, Jack, but you're not a lord.

HILTON. You're complimentary. But is not *love*
Better than rank?

MRS. H. Oh, certainly, my dove!

HILTON. I'm told, too, that my lord, to kill his days,
Has taken up an antiquarian craze;
Goes in for flints, spears, axes, heads of arrows,
And digs up mouldering Britons out of barrows.

MRS. H. Then it's as well that I refused the flat,
For you're not *quite* so great a fool as that.

HILTON. Aye, flat, I fear, he is. I got a hint
Of a consummate rascal here called Flint;
Who baits his hook with flints, and casts his angle
All summer for confounded fools like Fangle.

MRS. H. If I were Lydia, I'd soon cure such twaddle;
I'd knock his flints about his ass's noddle.

HILTON. Your language verges on the strong, my chuck.

MRS. H. You'll find my measures are the same, my duck.

(Enter Lord and Lady Fangle.)

HILTON. Ha! Fangle!—I'm delighted! What a queer
Coincidence that we should both be here!
My Lady Fangle, 'tis a real boon
To find us out and visit us so soon.

LADY F. I could not wait a moment, for my life,
So much I longed to see your charming wife.
Let me congratulate you (*to Mrs. Hilton*).

MRS. H. (*sternly*) How d'ye do ?

LADY F. Here's your old friend ; he often talks of you.

MRS. H. Oh, does he ?

LADY F. Fangle !

MRS. H. He looks sad and blighted.

LADY F. (*to Lord Fangle*) Don't stand like a stuck sheep !

LORD F. Ah ! I'm delighted,

I'm sure.

MRS. H. You hardly look so.

LADY F. Why, the fact is,

My lord has lately got quite out of practice

For conversation. He spends all his wit on

Investigation of the ancient Briton.

MRS. H. I'm glad his little wit is so well spent.

LADY F. It keeps him happy, so I'm quite content.

HILTON. Yes, I've heard, Fangle, you are all for stones,
Spear-heads and things, and graves, and dead men's
bones.

MRS. H. Poor man ! he's done for !

HILTON. I'll be bound you've got
Some treasures there.

LORD F. Oh, Hilton, have I not ?

You'd like to see them ? (*Opens his bag.*)

LADY F. They're so nice ! *Do* look !

MRS. H. Rubbish !

LADY F. He will explain things like a book.

LORD F. Now this I call the gem of all the lot :

Boadicea's axe !

LADY F. Sweet ! is it not ?

LORD F. You see these streaks of red ; they are the stains
Left when it dashed out some old Roman's brains.

HILTON. Thrilling !

MRS. H. Be silent, Jack ! *I* think, my lord——

HILTON. But, dearest——

MRS. H. Did you hear me?—not a word!

I say, my lord, that, granting this were true,
What is the earthly use to me or you
To dig such ugly things up, and parade them,
Because some horrid savages once made them?
You say they've long been buried—hence their worth;
Such trash is far best buried in the earth.

LADY F. (*aside*) That's sense, although her rudeness makes me frantic.

Dear friend, have you no sense of the romantic?

MRS. H. Romantic fiddlestick! Depend upon it,
That thing is no more ancient than your bonnet!

LORD F. Not ancient? Mercy! Am I not believed?
As if a practised eye could be deceived!
I got it from the local antiquarian—
'Twas found among the bones of a barbarian:
And Dapper too—a virtuoso quite—
Has not the slightest doubt that all is right.

HILTON. (*looking out of the window*) Is that the antiquary in the garden?

MRS. H. (*aside*) I did not bid you speak.

HILTON. I beg your pardon.

LORD F. Oh yes, with Dapper.

LADY F. And, of course, my maid:
She'll leave *me* soon for Dapper, I'm afraid.

MRS. H. Disgusting! Imitating those above her!

I don't permit *my* maid to have a lover.

LADY F. Then it's most likely she at least has three.

LORD F. Ha! ha! I'm sure I should if I were she.

Call them all up. Now, all my proof is trim:
Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she for him.

(*Hilton looks inquiringly at his wife. She nods permission. He goes out, and brings in Dapper Parker, and Jack Flint.*)

(*Song:*)

- LORD F. Now, sir, you'll say where you pr ocur'd
This interesting flint ;
And Dapper, you, I'm well assur'd
Will vouch for Mr. Flint.
- DAPPER. And Parker here will vouch for me,
Whose tongue is like a clapper.
- JACK FLINT. Yes, you for me.
PARKER. And I for thee :
I always vouch for Dapper.
- CHORUS. Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she
Will vouch for Mr. Dapper.
- JACK FLINT. I found it on the mountains lone, }
Among the mouldering dead, sir ;
If truth I am not telling, you
May knock me on the head, sir.
- LORD F. The thing is proved ; it must be true :
'Twas found among the dead, sir.
- HILTON. It is not true, I say, so you
May knock him on the head, sir.
- CHORUS. If it's not true, he says that you
May knock him on the head, sir.
- LORD F. You vouch for him.
- DAPPER. And she for me ;
Her tongue is like a clapper.
- JACK FLINT. And I for her.
- LORD F. And I for all :
For Parker, Flint, and Dapper.
- WITNESS. Who can resist the witness true
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper ?
- HILTON. I can resist the witness true
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper.
- CHORUS. The wit—wit—wit-- wit—witness true
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper.

Song and Chorus.

"NOW, SIR, YOU'LL SAY."

$\text{J}=176.$

(*Air: "The Lass of Richmond Hill," adapted.*)

Fangle.



Now, sir, you'll say where you pro - cured this in - te - rest - ing



flint; And Dap - per, you, I'm well as - sured will vouch for Mister

Dapper.

A musical score for a solo voice (Dapper) and piano. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and sustained notes. The vocal part begins with a melodic line: "Flint. And Par - ker, here, will vouch for me, Whose tongue is like a".

*Flint.**Parker.*

A musical score for two voices (Flint and Parker) and piano. The vocal parts begin with a melodic line: "clap- per. Yes, you for me. And I for thee, I always vouch for Dapper.". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *sf.* (fortissimo).

Chorus.

A musical score for a chorus and piano. The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and sustained notes. The vocal part begins with a melodic line: "Yes, Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she will vouch for Mister Dapper.". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *sf.* (fortissimo).

LORD F. You all must yield to this convincing proof.

MRS. H. Not I, indeed !

HILTON. I must not stand aloof

To see poor Fangle swindled in this fashion.

MRS. H. Jack, silence !

HILTON. Wife, you put me in a passion !

I will !

MRS. H. Take care how you provoke your wife !

HILTON. If I yield now, she'll muzzle me for life.

Dear Fangle, don't be angry, I entreat :

I know this fellow for a practised cheat.

JACK F. The sland'rous world ! I'm known as Honest Jack, sir.

HILTON. Wait till I put the bobbies on your track, sir.

DAPPER. (*aside to Flint*) You'd better hook it. This here gent's a Tartar.

JACK F. My lord and ladies, I'm a hinjur'd martyr.

(*Skulking towards the door.*)

MRS. H. You rogue, you villain, off ! D'ye hear, I say ?

And take your injur'd martyr's face away !

(*Exit Jack Flint precipitately.*)

And trash shall follow trash. (*Throws the flints after him.*)

LORD F. Hold—hold !

MRS. H. You muff,

My room shall not be litter'd with such stuff !

LORD F. I'm in despair ! My flints !

LADY F. Oh, never mind it !

A flint is but a flint, where'er you find it.

I'll get you plenty quite as good as those.

LORD F. You cannot ! Misery !

LADY F. (*turning to Parker*) Parker, I suppose,

That you some explanation can afford

Of this apparent trick upon my lord.

PARKER (*hesitatingly*) My lady, I'll—explain things—if I can—
This Mr. Dapper's such a *joky* man.

(*Aside*) Dapper, speak you!

DAPPER. My lady, do you see?

Miss Parker's such a party for a spree.

PARKER (*aside*) Mean man! You'll not blame *me*! Indeed
you shouldn't!

DAPPER. (*aside*) No, dear! You look so charming, that I
couldn't.

I'll be a hero! In these parts, my lady,
The sources of excitement are but shady.
In flints and skulls my lord finds recreation;
Such the pursuits as suits his lofty station.
'Twas *my* excitement (sure, a harmless spree!),
To help my lord to banish ennywee.
I trust your ladyship's sublime conception
Approves this slight benevolent deception?

LADY F. You are pardoned.

LORD F. Oh, but, Dapper, I am sure
That flint *was* genuine!

LADY F. Nay, he's past all cure.

MRS. H. This is a stupid hole. I mean to go
To-morrow.

LADY F. So do we, I think.

HILTON. If so,
Perhaps, my dear, our friends will be content
To come to see us at our house in Kent.

MRS. H. *Our* house! Oh, Jack, you'll rue before you've done!
You'll catch it! But their visit may be fun.
I'll do the civil. In *my* country home
I shall be glad to see you.

LORD AND LADY F. Thanks, we'll come.

DAPPER (*coming forward*)

There we shall meet; and hope that, after our removal,
The *whole* of our Charade may meet with your approval.

ACT III.—WHOLE.

SCENE I.

The Servants' Hall at Mrs. Hilton's place in Kent.

Dapper and Jack Flint ; the latter with false hair, whiskers, etc., dressed as a Butler.

DAPPER. Yes, Mr. Jones (such being your name at present),
It's a surprise remarkable and pleasant
To meet you in our social spear. Don't try
Again to dodge from Dapper's piercing eye.

FLINT. Well, you have twigg'd me ; but the gents upstairs
Are babes.

DAPPER. I won't pry into your affairs ;
But could you tell me how it came about ?

FLINT. Why, Hilton—he's my master now, no doubt—
Having in Wales, you know, behaved quite odious,
The place became no longer quite commodious.
After new spheres of usefulness I panted ;
So, seeing in the paper, " Butler wanted,"
I came, I saw, I conquered, just like Cæsar :
There may be scope for genius here, you see, sir.

DAPPER. No roguery, Mr. Jones, or I'll tell tales !

FLINT. But, sir, you weren't so very strict in Wales.

DAPPER. Why, youth must have its frolics when it can, sir ;
But I'm about to be a married man, sir !

FLINT. The mistress is a regular skinflint, sir.

DAPPER. Some wholesome treatment *may* be good for *her* ;
But not too far. Miss Parker, sir, and me
Are virtue's paragons. Ah ! here is she.

(Enter Parker.)

My dear, our friend here (Mr. Jones, you know)
Desires henceforth in virtue's paths to go ;

But he is dark : don't view quite as we view 'em
 The nice distinctions between meum and tuum.
 Take him in hand. Sir, you may build upon her
 For sound instruction in our code of honour.

FLINT. Miss, I'm all ears. Sure, such a handsome cratur
 Won't be too hard upon poor human natur !

PARKER. Well, never steal or cheat—remember this.

FLINT. But to all rules there's some exceptions, miss ?

PARKER. Of course.

FLINT. For instance—*stealing* clothes ain't right ;
 But *wearing* 'em, I guess, is diff'rent quite.

PARKER. That only moulds them into shape, and airs them.

DAPPER. They fit my lady better when she wears them.

FLINT. Then, say, my lady has things she won't miss ;
 More than's good for her ?

PARKER. In a case like this
 One may appropriate what suits one's taste.

FLINT. And save her from the guilt of wilful waste.
 Now, as for money ?—

PARKER. Never think of taking it !

FLINT. Yet surely there's some vartuous ways of making it.

DAPPER. Yes ; take a case. My lord hands me, perhaps,
 Five bob to give to some poor worthless chaps ;
 They'd only drink it—so I gives 'em one.

FLINT. Most wisely, sir, and charitably done !
 For, if my lord wants wisdom, the right course is
 To save him from misusing his resources.
 To eatables and drinkables, I guess
 The eighth commandment don't apply ?

PARKER. Oh yes !

To steal and sell your master's goods is cheating.

DAPPER. But not, of course, to eat what's made for eating.

FLINT. And let your friends partake ?

DAPPER. Why, they must dine.

FLINT. How about drinkables ? That's more my line.

PARKER. You must not rob the cellar : never think it.

DAPPER. But wine, once tapp'd, belongs to those that drink it.

FLINT. Your code is not amiss. It gives the mind
Of genius scope, though rather too refined.
But in this house here, she is such an awful
Skinflint—the mistress—anything is lawful.

PARKER. I'm half inclined to think so, for my part ;
I pity Mr. Hilton from my heart.

FLINT. Our supper's coming. Doubtless, recollecting
The j'ints we served the gents with, you're expecting
Some appetising bits ?

DAPPER. Indeed I do, man.

FLINT. How vain, alas ! are aspirations human !

(Enter the other servants. Cook carries a tray with
plates, on which are small pieces of cold meat and
bread. Buttons carries a small jug, which he
puts fiercely on the table.)

COOK. Serve out the rations, John.

FLINT (rising) Ladies and gents,—

You that's our guests—I see there's discontents
Upon your faces ; this is no great feast ;
But cook and me can't help it in the least.
For missus is such a penurious party,
Though rich !—my eye !—and as to 'ealth quite hearty ;
That—why, she thinks our greedy mouths wants
muzzling ;

Under her rule there's little chance of guzzling.
She weighs our rations out ; so much for each,
And locks all other wittles out of reach. (Sits down.)

ALL. Shameful ! Disgraceful ! Horrid mean !

(Bell rings.)

FLINT. Oh, ho !

They want more claret. It will prove no go. (Exit.)

DAPPER (*to Parker*) This is a dolorous situation, miss !

Think of poor Hilton having come to this !

COOK (*weeping*) Ladies and gents, it's not my fault at all !

PARKER. I vote we call this mansion " Skinflint Hall."

COOK. And well you may, miss ! Though I say't—as which That shouldn't—but ladies should behave as sich.

DAPPER. Hear ! hear !

COOK. We're tret as if we was barbarians ;

We might as well be Turks or Bulgararians !

No parquisites—not even dripping !—nuffin !

Think of dry bread to tea instead of muffin !

DAPPER. Hear, hear, again !

COOK. I says to Mr. Jones,

Says I, she's wearing me to skin and bones.

(*Re-enter Flint, with a jug of claret.*)

FLINT. Well—such a scene ! The master says, says he, "More claret ! !"—with an anxious look at me.

"There's none," I whispers, "I'll bring coffee in."

"Do so," says he. Oh, how the gents did grin !

The missus *did* leave one more bottle out ;

But meant for our poor perquisite, no doubt.

(*Puts the decanter on the table, and sits down.*)

(*To Dapper*) I look towards you.

DAPPER. Sir, I has your eye.

FLINT. Genuine Lafitt ! Miss Parker, don't be shy.

(*They drink the claret. Bell rings violently.*)

For coffee ! They can wait a little longer.

Let's have a song to stay the pangs of hunger.

(*Song, "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen."*—J. L. HATTON.

" Songs of England."—BOOSEY.)

(*Bell rings again very violently.*)

FLINT. Well, I must take the coffee—what a bore !

Come along, Buttons ! Ladies, *au revvor* !

(*Exit.*)

ACT III.

SCENE II.

(*Hilton discovered walking about distractedly.*)

(Song.—“Old English Ditties.”—MACFARREN.—

CRAMER, BEALE & Co.)

Once I lov'd a maiden fair,
But she prov'd a Tartar :
She with Plutus might compare :
Now I'm made a martyr.
Gold she seem'd,
And I deem'd
Her of maids the sweetest :
Now I say,
Well-a-day !
Brightest hopes are fleetest.

I the wedding-license got ;
She the feast provided.
Now I'm going fast to pot,
By my friends derided.
I did think
To get the chink,
When her vows she plighted.
She keeps hold
Of all the gold,
And my hopes are blighted.

(Enter Mrs. Hilton.)

HILTON. Nay but, my love !

MRS. H. Nay what, my dove ?

HILTON. Upon my word, I think
You might have let us have last night a little more to
drink.

We wanted claret—brandy—soda—none was to be
had.

To shame me so before old Fangle really was too
bad !

MRS. H. Is *that* all, Mr. Hilton? P'rhaps you've more complaints to make.

Let's have the whole lot out at once, for precious goodness' sake.

HILTON. Yes: no fire in the smoking-room—and but one candle end—

Burnt out at once—smoked in the dark—nice way to treat a friend!

Groping upstairs, poor Fangle cracked his nose against the wall:

And such complaints (I'm told by Jones) made in the servants' hall!

They call you *Skinflint*, curse the place—the maids grow quite uproarious.

For stinginess, if this goes on, our house will be notorious.

Our wealth is known: can it be right to stint things in this fashion?

MRS. H. If you say "*Our* wealth," Mr. H., you'll put me in a passion!

For a penniless adventurer to talk so is quite comical.
And mind, if *I* am wealthy, I am strictly economical.

HILTON. But, for *love's* sake, my precious wife!

MRS. H. Don't try, sir, to be funny;
You know as well as I do that you married me for money.

(*Steps and voices heard outside.*)

They're walking in the corridor: I'll listen what they say.

HILTON. Nay, wife, don't listen: it's so mean.

MRS. H. You hold your tongue, I pray!

(*She listens at the door. He walks about distractedly.*)

HILTON. Dear! dear! she's getting worse and worse! Unmanageable dame!

I only hope she'll hear some things to make her blush
for shame !

DOWAG. (*within*) Constance, I say she is the most intolerable
screw !

If Hilton can endure such ways, it's more than I
can do.

CONST. But she has her good points, mamma. I used to like
her, rather.

DOWAG. Love, she's a flint to the backbone—worse than her
stingy father.

HILTON. Did you hear that ?

MRS. H. I did. And do you think I care a pin
What tantrum that proud harridan, old Mother Fangle's
in ?

I know she had the shivers, and desired a fire last night
In her own room—such wasteful ways would ruin me
outright !

She wanted coffee, too—just think!—before she came
downstairs.

I'll humble her. What right has she to give herself such
airs ?

LORD F. (*within*) Indeed, I pity Hilton. How his venture has
miscarried !

With such a skinflint of a wife he'll curse the day he
married.

LADY F. How *can* he be so hen-pecked ?

LORD F. It's not generally known ;
But he has not a single sou that he can call his own.
Whate'er he had is all hers now—she got it so ar-
ranged
In settlements—I know not how.

LADY F. No wonder he's so changed.
Wh , when she puts her fierce look on, he hardly dares
to speak.

LORD F. 'Tis said she gives him pocket-money—half-a-crown a week.

HILTON. Did you hear that?

MRS. H. I did, and don't care *that!* but, pray
Keep quiet, Jack. I want to hear what more these
creatures say.

DOWAG. (*within*) Well met, my son, and Lydia, too! Here I'll
no longer stay.

LORD F. Nor I. My horses only get one feed of corn a day.

LADY F. I'm starved to death—no fire—no lights!

DOWAG. And such a mean menu!

LADY F. Dry bread for breakfast!

DOWAG. Cheese for lunch!

LORD F. She is an awful screw.

LADY F. The only plan's to leave the house.

DOWAG. Ye, yes; let Parker pack
Our things at once.

LORD F. And dash my wig if ever I come back!

HILTON. Did you hear that?

MRS. H. Yes, I heard *that!* What now, you precious ninny?
D'you think *I* care?

HILTON. But, please, *do* care. Think of the ignominy.
I'll run away! I'll cut my throat!

MRS. H. Do: it's the same to me.

HILTON. I'll drink myself to death.

MRS. H. You can't: *I* keep the cellar key.

(*Uproar of servants heard within. Sounds of singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow," etc.*)

MRS. H. What means that noise? The servants! They are
going mad, I think.

Run, Jack, and see directly. (*Exit Hilton.*) Why, they
must have had some drink.

But where can they have got it? Can they have
broken into the cellar?

(*Re-enter Hilton, dragging in Flint.*)

HILTON. I've got him.

MRS. H. What means this, you rogue !

FLINT. (*sings*) "For he's a jolly good fellow."

(Enter tumultuously Cook, Buttons, Dapper, and other servants. They sing :

"For he's a jolly good fellow," etc.

MRS. H. They must be tipsy all of them. Cook, what means all this pother ?

COOK. Why, ma'am, you keeps the cellar key ; but Jones he keeps another.

Crush'd worms will turn at last, you know, so we resolved this morning

To have one spree before we left : and now we give you warning.

ALL (*sing*) :

Now what d'ye think?—we've tapp'd your drink !—we're good companions a—all !

We've had our spree !—and now say we, Farewell to Skinflint Ha—all !

(MUSIC : "*There's no luck about the house.*")

(They range themselves defiantly. Mrs. Hilton eyes them furiously. Hilton stands aghast.)

MRS. H. In my own house !

HILTON. We're robb'd !

MRS. H. Defied ! Was ever case to match it ?

You little dirty rogue, but you, at any rate, shall catch it !

(She pounces on Buttons, and boxes his ears.)

BUTT. Oh, please, mum, please—it wasn't me—it all was Mr. Jones, sir !

HILTON. Nay, spare the boy—he's not to blame.

MRS. H. I'll break his little bones, sir.

(While this is going on, enter the Fangles, etc., dressed for travelling, Parker carrying bag, shawls, etc.)

HILTON. What, friends ! prepared to start at once ? You surely
will not leave us
Abruptly thus !

LORD F. Indeed, dear Jack, however it may grieve us,
We feel we're only in the way—your house in such a
mess is!

DOWAG. A mutiny, Mrs. Hilton !

CONST. How I feel for your distresses !

DOWAG. You see, you've spoilt your servants by your foolish
liberality.

LADY F. Farewell, dear friend, and thank you for your princely
hospitality.

HILTON. *Do*, wife, say something civil. Oh, my friends, I am
so sorry——

COOK. Our *wages*, madam, if you please. To go we're in a
hurry.

MRS. H. *Wages*, you robbing rascals you ! Why what a set of
geese !

COOK. Yes, a year's wages, due last May.

MRS. H. Jack, run for the police !

HILTON. Oh, yes, I'll go ; but, wife——

MRS. H. Be off ! Run till you're out of breath.
(Exit Hilton.)

COOK. We'll sue you for our wages, then.

BUTT. And for starving us to death.

LORD F. We'd better leave this painful scene.

LADY F. Yes, Dapper, bring the carriage.

DOWAG. We'll interrupt the bliss no more of this most happy
marriage.

(Re-enter Hilton, with a letter opened.)

HILTON. Good friends—and wife—I've just received some news
that will surprise you.

MRS. H. Give me that letter, Jack !

HILTON. I won't !

MRS. H. You won't? Sir, I'll advise you—
HILTON. Hold, Mrs. Hilton, hold your hand. I tell you you had better—

You'll find the tables turned, I think, when you have heard this letter.

My lawyer writes to tell me that our settlements of marriage

Contained a flaw—are void in fact: hence a complete miscarriage

Of all your plan for ruling things.

MRS. H. How so? I fain would learn.

HILTON. Why, as your husband, I, my dear, possess the whole concern!

MRS. H. I don't believe it! (*Snatches the letter.*)

Can it be? Oh, misery and despair!

(*Throws herself on a sofa, and weeps violently.*)

CONST. (*approaching her*) Dear Mrs. Hilton, he's so nice, I'm sure you need not care.

(*She still weeps violently. Constance tries to comfort her.*)

FLINT. Sir, Mr. Hilton, having turned a card up such as this is—

COOK. We can put up with master—it was all along of missis.

FLINT. In fact, we'll stay, sir, for we know our wages will be paid,

And trust you will look over this our little escapade.

COOK. You see, we was drove to it, sir: the missis was so strect.

HILTON. Speak of your mistress, if you please, with suitable respect.

Well, I forgive you—all but one.

FLINT. And who may that one be, sir?

Buttons, I guess (*seizing Buttons.*)

HILTON. No—ONE JACK FLINT! You thought I did not see, sir,
 Through your disguise: I've twigged you long. Out
 of the house, and pack,
 Or you may find once more, you rogue, the bobbies on
 your track.

BUTT. It's Buttons, is it, Mr. Jones! Oh, what a jolly sell!
 Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

FLINT. You little brute! (*trying to hit him in vain*).

BUTT. Oh, don't he look a swell!

FLINT. Jeer'd at by boys, maligned by men—a martyr'd wretch,
 I go.

But *you* will not forsake me, cook?

COOK. Oh, Mr. Jones—no! no!!
(Falls on his neck and blubbers.)

To think that it should come to this!

FLINT. Though fortune's blows
 be rude,
 Love and our conscious worth defy base man's in-
 gratitudo.

HILTON. Off with you both!

FLINT. Let's make, my dear, a dignified retreat.
(Exeunt Flint and Cook.)

DOWAG. A worthy bride indeed, I think, for such an arrant cheat.

HILTON (*going up to Mrs. Hilton*)

Surely, dear wife, this change of things need breed no
 altercation:

Let us forget the past, and start on an improv'd re-
 lation.

MRS. H. Oh, Jack, I've had a lesson! I confess I've been to
 blame,

And this strange scene before our friends has covered
 me with shame.

Take all I have, and welcome now ! My meanness
and my folly
Forgive, dear Jack.

HILTON. All right, my girl.

LORD. E. Now all's made up and jolly.

CONST. Oh ! this is *so* delightful !

LADY F. You'll be happier now, my
friend.

DOWAG. You've been a precious fool, my dear ; but it's not too
late to mend.

DAPPER. My lady, if it be allowed for persons in our station
To taste our share of bliss upon this happy consumma-
tion,

Miss Parker here—your ladyship will give her leave, I
trust——

LADY F. To marry ?—so I thought. What say you (*to Parker*)?

PARKER. I suppose I must.

HILTON. Then, love (*to Mrs. Hilton*), perhaps you won't object
to have the wedding here,

And ask our friends to stay awhile.

MRS. H. Yes, certainly, my dear.
Pray do, good friends, we'll make amends for all that's
been amiss.

ALL. Oh yes, we'll stay.

DAPPER. Hurra ! Hurra ! A happy day is this

(*Song, "Begone Dull Care"—"Old English Ditties"*)—MACFARREN

CRAMER, BEALE, & CO.)

CHORUS. Begone, dull Care !
I prythee begone from me.
Begone, dull Care !
Thou and I shall never agree.
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldest me kill ;
But i'faith, dull Care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

HILTON. Wife, my hair
Was nearly turned grey by you.

LORD F. And wife, dull Care
Once turned me decidedly blue.

CHORUS. But now *your* wash has restored his skin ; (*All point to Parker.*)
And *his* flints have had their day ; (*All point to Lord F.*)
And he has the tin (*All point to Hilton*), 'tis the wisest thing
To drive dull Care away.

LORD F. So now, kind friends,
Who kindly have heard our play,
Our Charade thus ends,
So guess it as well as you may.

CHORUS. Through all the year may you laugh and sing,
As we have done to-day ;
And find it ever the wisest thing,
To drive dull Care away !

(*Scene closes.*)

THE END.



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